

# OUR CONTINENT

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THE OLD BARTRAM HOUSE.

## QUAKER AND TORY.

THE traveler who walks the streets of Philadelphia to-day with the idea that in them are to be seen the distinct elements that in times past went to make up the life of the city finds small trace of the characteristics for which he looks. The distinctive dress of Quakerism is practically a thing of the past. The country members may still come in to Quarterly or Yearly Meeting in the scoop bonnets and broad-brimmed hats, the drabs and browns of an earlier day, but the city Quaker is modified in spite of himself. Their protest is still felt; for the elders in smooth-banded hair and lines of drapery unbroken by "trimming;" for the younger who have yielded to its seductions, in a refusal of all tawdry forms of ornaments and a subdued and quiet elegance both of material and hue, which makes the Philadelphia woman the best dressed woman of the day.

But neither on Arch Street, the very home and sanctuary of Quaker Conservatism, nor on Spruce and Pine, once the abiding place of stately and indignant Tories, scornful and skeptical over all new theories of a govern-

ment without a king, can the seeker find more than a suggestion of the sharply-defined dividing lines of the past. Their traces are not hidden in brick and mortar, or lost with fast-vanishing landmarks, but are moulded unconsciously in the mind of the people, by all old conditions, and show to the student of social science to-day the form of growth and development to be expected from such seed.

The Tory still lives and moves and has his being, but even to him come gleams of the spirit of the age; "vanishings, black misgivings," it may be, but all prophetic of a time when his individuality, with its obstinacy and obtuseness and self-satisfied absurdities, will also be historical—perhaps, at last, even mythical.

To-day, side by side with the man of the present, he has been heard to say, terrapin-plate in hand and wine-glass delicately held and eyed: "Sir, had I not had the fortune to be born in a sphere of society which regards literature as a disreputable pursuit, I might, without scruple,

say I should have been a shining light in the American intellectual firmament."

This is the Tory with a pedigree, and possessing many of the virtues of the man with a pedigree who, in spite of himself, must seek to live up to its traditions. The middle-class Tory, the counterpart of the "Philistine" element in England bewailed by Matthew Arnold, has all the prejudices, all the stupidities of the first-mentioned variety, with no mitigation of culture or fine breeding. From one of these, like the English Philistine owning a gig and settled into a prosperous dullness, came the other day a comment equally significant of the speaker's mental attitude:

"Philadelphians don't care as much for Atlantic City as they did. You see nobody goes there much now but Germans and Jews and editors and that kind of people."

The Quaker has outstripped the Tory, but even the Quaker carries in the race. Too much terrapin is said to be the reason for the loss of intellectual supremacy once claimed by Baltimore, and too much old family, which is only a synonym for an over-supply of terrapin, may be the cause of certain features perceptible to the looker-on, but the existence of which is denied by the subjects of such observation. To-day is inexplicable unless one returns to the time in which these forms, crystallized now into something almost unalterable, were still chaotic, moved by each fresh current, yet even then slowly gathering shape and character.

The Philadelphia of to-day has settled into a fixed and seemingly unchangeable mould. One passes through street after street of houses so like one another that at last the belief becomes fixed, that one has only to touch some central knob to see each front slide up and reveal every family doing exactly the same thing at the same moment in the same way. The uniformity is first amusing, then irritating, then depressing, and is accepted at last as the solution of certain otherwise unexplainable characteristics. Monotony long continued has deadened perception, mental and spiritual. Progress is unnecessary where every one is perfectly comfortable and convinced that improvement is needless, and thus an ambitious and active-minded man finds it easy to

become practically master of the state: the statute book still holds laws abolished in nearly every other part of the Union, and the course of public action on any point drags to a degree that drives the few eager reformers well nigh to madness. Nevertheless, reform goes on. The spirit of the founders remains. Packed and moulded, as the mass may be, in a heavy consistency, the heaven is there and works secretly to its destined end, the story of the past giving the key to the future.

With the opening of 1750 Philadelphia was still a "green country town," each house surrounded by gardens and trees and fine orchards so numerous that peaches were fed to pigs. Professor Kalm, the Swedish naturalist, whose "Travels into North America" are still of interest to the botanist, marveled at the profuseness of all forms of food, and wrote rather dolorously: "The country people in Sweden and Finland guard their turnips more carefully than the people here do the most exquisite fruits."

A profitable, though somewhat circuitous and involved commerce benefitted all. Toleration attracted immigrants, and life was on a milder and easier basis than in the New England Colonies, partly from the gentler orthodoxy, partly because natural aspects were seldom strenuous or terrible. Quakers then numbered a little more than a third of the population, and discountenanced all amusements, but the rest of the people engaged freely in many forms of innocent enjoyment. New England, under the dynasty of the Mathers, was going through the blood-curdling and soul-crushing terrors of that religious system which to-day has its reaction in the "Free Religious Association" and the "Radical Club." Whitfield for a time darkened the Philadelphia



JOHN BARTRAM, HIS BIBLE.



THE TOOL HOUSE IN BARTRAM'S GARDENS.

sky with the terror no man ever better succeeded in exciting, but the effect soon passed, and the mild Philadelphians returned to their easy-going lives. Quakerism had meant deep spiritual perception, and in the beginning a crusade against all accepted facts and theories of the time, that set them a hundred years in advance. With nothing to protest against in the new home their zeal naturally died, and for the most of them there remained and continued only the features by which Philadelphia is best known, "thrift, uniformity, sedateness, cleanliness and decorum, with a toleration of all opinions and observances."

Social life among them was in one sense unknown. A people who relied on the inward light and scorned the learning of this world, shut off at one touch all usual sources of entertainment. Hospitality alone remained—hunting, shooting, dancing assemblies, music or fairs being all prohibited, but their loss being made up, as far as might be, by lavish entertainment. At Stenton, considered "a palace in its day," lived James Logan, the life-long friend and secretary of Penn., a man, like many of the early Quakers, of learning and scholarly taste, whose library, bequeathed at his death to the city, is still a rare and costly collection, being especially rich in legal and medical treatises. The reign of drab had not begun, for at the decorous dinners and suppers given at Stenton there is record already given of "white satin petticoats worked in flowers, pearl satin gowns or peach-colored satin cloaks; the white necks were covered with delicate lawn, and they wore gold chains and seals engraved with their arms."

It was the reign of wigs. Even the serious-minded Quaker yielded to the spell. Penn's private expense book shows four in one year. Even paupers claimed them as an inalienable right, and a ship-load of convicts having been brought over were imposed upon the unfortunate Pennsylvanians as "respectable servants" by simply dignifying each one with a cheap but voluminous wig. Franklin, disdainful as he was of show and artificiality, looks out on us in the earliest por-

trait extant from a stiff and tremendous horse-hair wig. Wristbands reached nearly to the elbows, met there by short and deep-cuffed coat sleeves, and snowy ruffles covered the manly bosoms of Quaker and Tory alike. But elegance, save in a few isolated instances, was impossible in any modern sense. There was wealth

enough for the general comfort; pauperism was practically unknown, but life was frugal, limited, and, to our modern apprehension, inconceivably slow. The daily newspaper was undreamed of, a monthly, the size of a sheet of Congress paper, holding all the news demanded by the Colonists. Carpets, save in one or two of the more stately houses, were an undesired luxury, fresh sand being considered more healthful. Spinning and weaving were still household occupations, and Franklin rejoiced in being clothed from head to foot in cloth woven and made up by his energetic

wife. The store formed a part of the dwelling house, and if a merchant had more than one clerk he was regarded as doing a perilously large business. "Society" then, as now, was made up of a very small number; a single set, that even as late as 1700 consisted only of "the Governor, two or three other official persons, a great lawyer or two, a doctor or two, half-a-dozen families retired from business, a dozen merchants and a few other persons . . . who had leisure enough for the elegant enjoyment of life."

The amusements of this society before the Revolution were of the same order as prevailed in the mother country. The young man of good family and expectations devoted himself to deep drinking and the practical jokes of beating watchmen, twisting off door-knobs and knockers, changing signs and all the light diversions made familiar to us in the literature of the eighteenth century. For the rich this was merely youthful effervescence, and young William Penn was the leader in excesses that necessitated his recall to England, and half broke his

father's heart. For the son and for various succeeding generations of Penns the old Admiral's traits proved powerful enough to be the inheritance of most of his descendants, who passed from Quakerism to Toryism with perfect facility, headed by young William Penn, who, furious at Quaker interference, announced himself a Church of England man, and remained so to his death.

In the market-place stood pillory, whipping-post and stocks. Women were publicly whipped as late as 1760, and the "public whipper" had a salary of ten pounds a year. The country people who came in twice a week over the almost impassable roads, regarded this as one of the essential sights of market-day, which in 1729



HAMILTON HOUSE, WOODLANDS CEMETERY.



found a poetical describer. Then, as now, Jersey was chief purveyor, the wagons crossing over by way of Market street ferry, the market itself extending up the street.

"An yew bow's distance from the key-bullt strand  
Our court-house fronts Casarea's pine-tree land;  
Through the arch'd dome and on each side the street  
Divided runs, remote again to meet.  
Here eastward stand the trap for obloquy  
And petty crimes—stocks, post and pillory;  
And, twice a week, beyond, light stalls are set,  
Loaded with fruits and flowers and Jersey's meat.  
Westward, conjoin, the shambles grace the court,  
Brick piles their long extended roof support.  
Oft west from these the country wains are seen  
To crowd each hand and leave a breadth between."



ON THE WISSAHICKON—THE OLD LIVEZEY HOUSE.

The farmers who came in from the west were often mired, and the condition of the roads was such that pleasure-riding was practically almost unknown, there being up to 1780 not more than a score of pleasure vehicles in the entire province. The internal commerce of the state was chiefly by means of pack-horses, and as market-wagons increased they were either provided with lock-chains for the wheels, or a heavy log was tied to the wagon and trailed on the ground, its weight being essential in the mountain roads, cut into deep gullies on one side, while the other was made up of blocks of sandstone, the descent being very like going down a flight of stone steps. The "Conestoga wagon" still in use is modeled on the plan of the earliest vehicles. An adventurous Quaker who left Philadelphia in 1784 to make a home in the interior of the state, has left a description of the journey worth the consideration of those who grumble at less than thirty-five miles an hour. The family were father, mother, three young children and a bound boy of fourteen. Three pack-horses formed the train. On the first rode mother, young baby and the table furniture

and cooking utensils; the second carried the provisions, plow-irons and agricultural tools; the third bore a pack-saddle and "two large creels, made of hickory withes in the manner of a crate, one over each side of the horse, in which were stowed beds, bedding and wearing apparel. In the centre of these creels was left a vacancy, just sufficient to admit a child in each, laced in, with their heads peeping out therefrom." Behind this company paced two perplexed and serious cows, the source of supplies for the journey. On the road, hardly wider than an Indian trail, they were often met or overtaken by long trains of pack-horses, those from the west bearing *peltry* and *ginseng*; those going west, kegs of spirits, salt and packs of dry goods.

The Quaker, however, seldom went beyond reach of his own people and special means of grace, or, if he migrated, did it in bodies, small colonies at intervals leaving the quiet comfort of the city for the wild woods of the interior. Each year found them a little more torpid and peace-loving—a little less disposed to be disturbed in the daily routine of money-making and money-saving. The city grew steadily, and prosperity seemed universal, but the Arcadian innocence often supposed to be the condition of the early settlement was by no means the real state of the case. Politics were quite as corrupt then as now, and Proud's "History of Pennsylvania" gives facts which show not only hotly-contested elections, but that the office-seeker was the same creature then as now. The unmanageableness of American politicians had become apparent as early as 1704, when Penn records that men

who were modest enough when lost in the crowd in England, in America "think nothing taller than themselves but the trees."

Tory and Quaker, though sharing equally in the government, were often at cross-purposes, the necessary calls for militia being always seasons of heart-burning for both sides. The younger generation of Quakers were often renegades from a faith growing more and

more rigid as to form, and with the stormy days of the Revolution many joined the army, and thus read themselves "out of meeting," though restored in some cases on a qualified confession, or expression of sorrow that circumstances had forced them to violate their principles.

But the period from 1740 to 1775 was one of quiet prosperity and a gradual increase, not only of wealth, but of means for intellectual enjoyment. Franklin's vivid intelligence had made its way, his leathern apron proving no bar to admission into a society the decorous dullness of which needed every mitigation he could give. Shrewd, far-sighted and keen, his humor never degenerated into cynicism, and his catholic and tolerant nature made friendship with even the most opposing elements possible. From a dispute in a tavern parlor to a church quarrel, he listened to differences and suggested solutions with a calm countenance schooled to hide the inward chuckle.



Agitators brought their schemes for reform; conservatives their plans for repression. The fierce and irrepressible little Benjamin Lay insisted upon his co-operation in a scheme to convert all men to Christianity, and, with Michael Lovell and Abel Noble, the Transcendentalists of that period, met at Franklin's house to discuss preliminaries. Unluckily a grand dispute ensued as to methods. The apostles waxed louder and louder, each determined to convert the world after his own fashion. Benjamin Lay pounded the table and shrieked at the top of his piercing voice, and Franklin, who looked on in quiet amusement, finally separated these champions of peace and good-will, advising them to give up their project until they had learned to govern themselves.

John Bartram, called by Linnæus "the greatest natural botanist in the world," had made a home for himself near Gray's Ferry, where he built a stone house and planned the botanic garden, in which, though long diverted from its original purpose, may still be seen some of the rare and curious specimens of trees and plants collected in his many botanical expeditions. Born a Quaker, he retained to the end the best features of that creed, living a life of constant charity, maintaining always the natural and equal rights of man, and thus naturally among the early protesters against slavery, but of so cheerful a temperament and winning a manner that antagonism was impossible in his presence. At seventy he undertook the last of his many journeys, which had led him thousands of miles in the Southern States in search of materials for natural history and for his botanical collection. Every scientific man abroad came into friendship and correspondence, and his house was the seat of a large though always simple hospitality, the



MORRIS' FOLLY.

earnest student in any direction finding welcome and assistance. One son succeeded to the place, himself a distinguished florist and botanist, as well as ornithologist, and confirmed in his natural bent toward the same life by every influence about him. Franklin had had his afternoon of kite-flying, and had talked it over in Bartram's sanded parlor. Rittenhouse, pale and quiet, had warmed in describing his orrery, or planning for better instruments and facilities in the new observatory. Rush and Shippen and the corps of physicians, famous then as now, talked over plans of the new University. Kalm, the Swedish botanist, made his headquarters there, and every distinguished visitor from abroad found his way to the wonderful garden, the fame of which had brought Bartram the appointment from England as "Botanist to his Majesty George the Third." The Philosophical



CHEW HOUSE, GERMANTOWN.

Society was safely launched, and a powerful factor in the intellectual life of the city, and Thomas Penn had made gifts of both books and instruments, though his chief interest was in extending Church of England principles. James Logan, one of the most versatile yet deeply learned men of the time, an ardent Quaker, and yet as ardent an advocate for resistance to British encroachments, made one in every meeting, formal or informal, where scientific questions came up, representing a development which to many Quakers seemed almost impious. The doctors especially were regarded as not much better than ghouls, and one gaunt and spectral

notable as himself, all welcomed the young Apollo, beloved by Quaker and Tory alike, and bitterly mourned when taken by the fever of 1793, which for a time threatened to depopulate the city.

Up to the date of the British occupation the various elements of the city had remained as distinct as oil and water. French Huguenots, refugees from the St. Domingo massacre, the Germans who made up the chief population of Germantown and the northern part of the city, the Swedes who still held their place along the Delaware, the English who retained all old habits and as yet had by no means taken on the features of the



"SOLITUDE"—HOUSE OF JOHN PENN.

Quaker maiden named Leah for many years was accustomed at intervals to pass the night, wrapped in a blanket, and stealing among the graves of the Potter's Field for the purpose of frightening them away.

The up-town and down-town boys had, till the British occupation, nightly battles with sticks and stones, on one occasion suspending it to gaze upon George Boynton, a young Philadelphian of such extraordinary personal beauty and fascination that boys and men alike turned to look after him. "The most admirable among the fashionable young gentlemen of his day," says an old chronicle, "sought after by young and old." From the Tory Governor, Richard Penn, married to Mistress Polly Masters and holding high revelry in the stately house on Market Street, to Parson Duché's mansion,

new life, and last the Quakers, more and more Tory in their sluggishness and terror at anything which threatened a suspension of profit, made up as diverse a set of elements as any city could show. To let one another thoroughly alone was the one point held in common, and not till a common danger forced united action did any real harmony of purpose prevail. Franklin's strong will, concealed by a gentle and conciliating manner, carried all before it, and it was in great part through his influence that the younger Quakers in many cases entered the army and the elder forgot both prudence and principles and subscribed freely for popular needs. In spite of war the city did not cease to grow, and, as the seat of Congress and the scene of the first years of independent government, became of more importance

than any other in the new confederation. Life changed in all ways. The low houses of the first period had been replaced by buildings, the height of which was protested against by the old people, who regarded them as an invitation to both fire and lightning. Robert Morris, cautious, shrewd and successful in all his financial man-

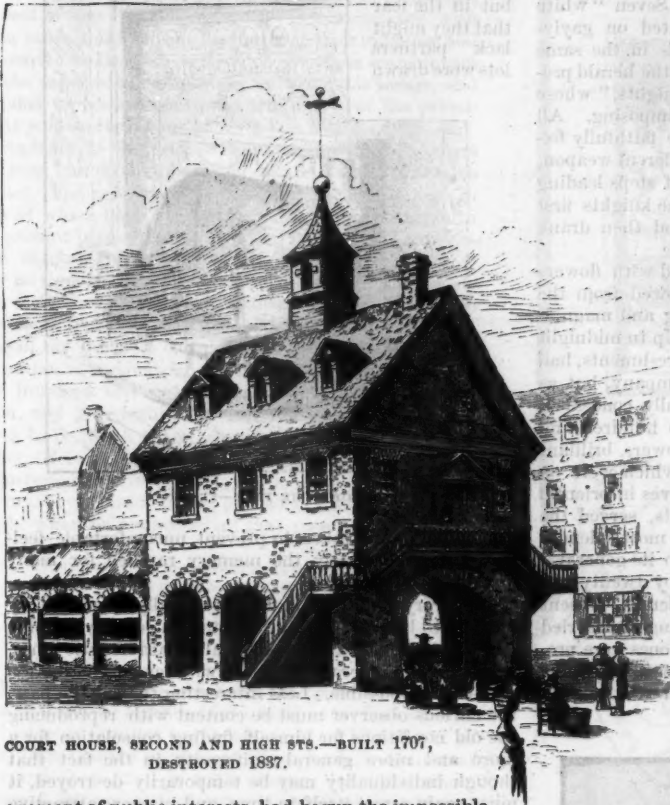
aged by families of the same name for two hundred years.

Continental money had had its day, ruining many of the holders and bringing about a rate of prices only equaled in the last days of the Southern Confederacy. An original bill of purchases in 1781 is still to be seen, reading as follows:

|  |                    |
|--|--------------------|
| CAPT. A. McLANE:                       |                    |
| January 5, 1781.                       | Bo't of W. NICOLL. |
| 1 pair boots,                          | \$600.00           |
| 6½ yds calico at \$85 per yard,        | 752.00             |
| 6 yds of chintz at \$150 do.           | 900.00             |
| 4½ yds moreen at \$100 do.             | 450.00             |
| 4 handkerchiefs at \$100 do.           | 400.00             |
| 8 yds quality binding at \$4 per yard, | 32.00              |
| 1 skein of silk,                       | 10.00              |
|  | \$3,144.00         |

If paid in specie, £18 10s.

Received payment in full for W. Nichols,  
JONA. JONES.



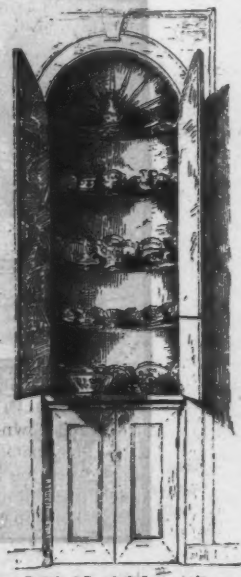
COURT HOUSE, SECOND AND HIGH STS.—BUILT 1707,  
DESTROYED 1837.

agement of public interests, had begun the impossible palace known as "Morris' Folly." It covered an entire square from Chestnut to Walnut and Seventh to Eighth. The architect's estimates had been for \$60,000, but nearly that sum had been expended before it reached the first story above ground, there being two and sometimes three underground, made up of innumerable arches, vaults and labyrinths. Marble had been used for the whole, ornamented in relief, but before the roof was on, impatient and indignant creditors, for whom no money remained, found their only resource would be to pull down, block by block, the vast mass of material which, put into smaller houses, might possibly bring some return. The "Folly" became a row of buildings on Sansom Street, and only the underground labyrinths, so massively built as to defy the reconstructors, remain, and may possibly puzzle future explorers.

Many houses of less magnificence, but of equal interest, had been built during the second fifty years of the settlement, a few of which still remain, but chiefly in and between the city and Germantown, improvements having done away with most of those in the business part of the city. Whitpain's "Great House," Bingham's Mansion, Loxley's house and Bathsheba's Bath and Bower have left no trace, but in Germantown many of the first buildings are still standing, one of the most interesting of these being the old Livezey house, occu-

Like the Tory element in New York, that of Philadelphia welcomed British occupation as the final settlement of the insolent revolt of the lower class against the high, and joined with the British officers in such carnival as has never since been seen. The Walnut Street Prison was crowded with starving prisoners, the survivors for years telling stories of abuse and incredible suffering, only paralleled by Andersonville in our own day. Germantown had seen one of the sharpest battles of the war, and hardly a country seat but was filled with its quota of wounded and dying. Many were burned, many more riddled with bullets, and under many a quiet lawn to-day rebel and oppressor are lying side by side, all

unknown to the generation who walk above them. In the midst of all this sorrow and mourning was projected one of the most extraordinary performances the country has ever known. Balls, regattas, any form of amusement that could be devised, were held at every point of British occupation, but the story of the Meschianza at Wharton's country seat, at Southwark, the 18th of May, 1778, reads like a page of the "Arabian Nights." From the Green Street Wharf, then the only one of any size above Vine Street, the brilliant company embarked at half-past four in the afternoon, in a "grand regatta" of three divisions. Three flat-boats, each with its band of music, preceded them; an avenue of grana-



"KERAMICS" AT STENTON.

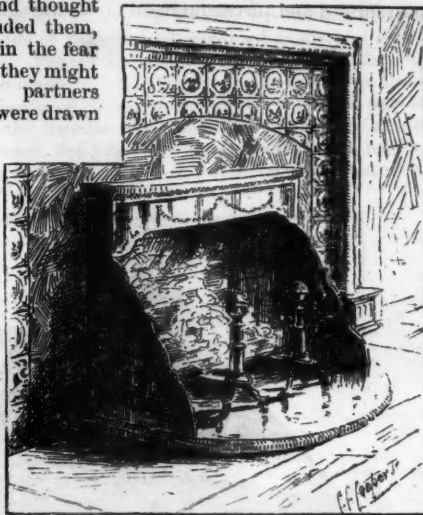


diers awaited them at the fort below Swedes' Church, with light horse in the rear. Here a square lawn, one hundred and fifty yards to a side, formed the area for a tournament. Two pavilions held on the front seat seven young ladies dressed in Turkish costume, designed by Major André, who acted as stage manager, while in their turbans were the articles to be bestowed upon their several knights. Seven "white knights," in white and red silk, mounted on gayly-caparisoned horses, followed by esquires in the same colors, entered to the sound of trumpets, the herald proclaiming their challenge to the "black knights," whose entry in black and orange was quite as imposing. All the forms of a knightly tournament were faithfully followed. Four encounters, each with a different weapon, took place. All then ascended a flight of steps leading into a profusely-decorated hall, where the knights first received their favors from the ladies, and then drank tea to restore their weakened energies.

The ball-room awaited them, festooned with flowers reflected from eighty-five mirrors borrowed from the citizens, with lustres between. Dancing and magnificent fireworks occupied the evening. Up to midnight four rooms, each with its sideboard of refreshments, had served to keep up the spirits of the company, but as that hour sounded, folding doors, skillfully concealed, sprang open and displayed a saloon two hundred and ten feet by forty feet, decorated with flowers, brilliant with wax lights, over three hundred of which were on the supper-tables, while twenty-four slaves in oriental dresses, with silver collars and bracelets, served the throng. Major André wrote of it as "the most splendid entertainment ever given by an army to its general," the whole expense having been borne by twenty-two field officers. The only American gentlemen present were aged non-combatants, but fifty young unmarried American ladies and many more married ones were present. One month later, the rebels, supposed to have been rendered hopeless, marched in and took posses-

sion, many of the gay knights having barely time to escape. Later on the American officers of Washington's command made a great ball for the officers of the French army, and at first refused to invite the Meschianza ladies.

Second thought included them, but in the fear that they might lack partners lots were drawn

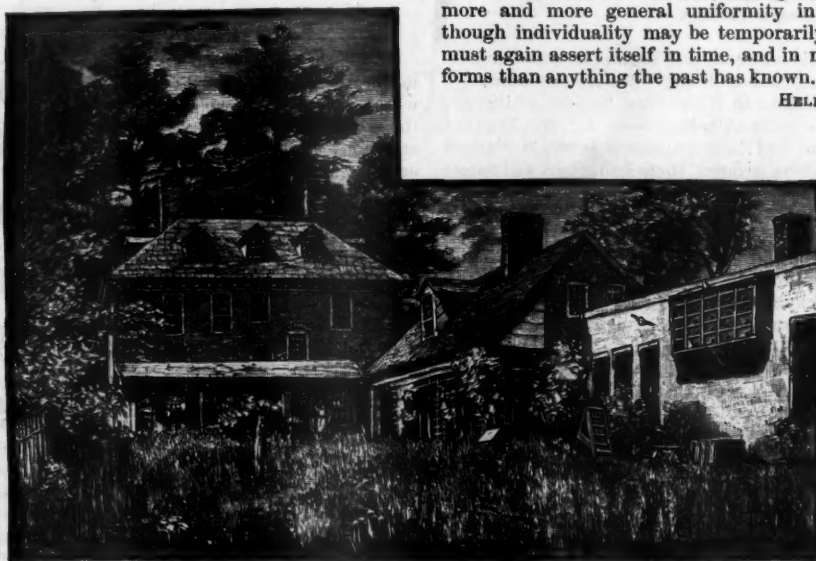


BEFORE THE FIRE—STENTON.

and every means taken to prevent uncomfortable feeling, though privately the memory rankled for many years afterward.

The Tory Quaker and the practically Quaker Tory are still to be seen, but the nineteenth century is doing its universal work, destroying all characteristic lines, and another generation or two will render distinction well-nigh impossible. Less interesting than in the past, the curious observer must be content with reproducing the old conditions for himself, finding consolation for a more and more general uniformity in the fact that though individuality may be temporarily destroyed, it must again assert itself in time, and in more attractive forms than anything the past has known.

HELEN CAMPBELL.



STENTON—THE RESIDENCE OF JAMES LOGAN.

## BURMESE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LIGHT OF ASIA.

THE popularity of Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia" has drawn general attention to the stories of Siddârtha, the last of the Buddhas, but they are associated with India only, and little has been said of their influence and popularity in Burmah, where his countless worshippers fill the land with temples to enshrine his image, and pagodas to commemorate his triumph over the principle as well as the power of Evil.

Gaudama, as Siddârtha is called in Burmah, is the last of a long line of Buddhas, and was contemporary with Daniel. The people divide their history into periods, in each of which have appeared a succession of gods. In the present period there have been four deities, Konk-athon, Gaun-a-gon, Kat-tha-bah and Gaudama, and now they anxiously look for another, Are-ma-daya, but while they wait they worship Gaudama or Siddârtha. The records of Buddhism are found in the six hundred divisions of the Burmese scripture, written on palm leaf in the native equivalent for the Indian Sanskrit character, four hundred and eighty years after the death of Gaudama, and long before the birth of Christ. The doctrines have in all these years changed but little, and to-day thousands of yellow-robed priests, gathered in monasteries or slowly pacing through the villages with downcast eyes, are teaching just what Gaudama himself taught when he renounced all that men prize, and

— "came  
Shorn, with the mendicant's sad-colored cloth,  
And stretching out a bowl to gather orts  
From base-born leavings,"

and so

— "trod the path which leads whither he went  
Unto NIRVANA, where the silence lives."

The native pictures which are here given to illustrate some of the local legends of Burmah, as well as some of the incidents familiar to readers of the "The Light of Asia," are painted on glass, outlined by delicate lines of color and then filled in with another color, the whole having a background of either vermillion or gold and silver tinsel. They are often as grotesque as the local legends they illustrate, but we could give no better idea of the art popular in Burmah.

The first of those we have selected is from one of the temples, where, framed elaborately in tin and hung on a bamboo, it waved in the air, an easy and convenient propitiation for the sins of the donor. It illustrates the moment when Gaudama, having determined to quit *Vishramvon*, his pleasure place, and go into the world to see if there was no help for grief and trouble, goes to the couch of Yasôdhara, to take leave of her. He stands by her bed

— "and bent  
The farewell of fond eyes, unutterable,  
Upon her sleeping face, still wet with tears.  
And thrice around the bed in reverence,  
As though it were an altar, softly stepped,  
With clasped hands laid upon his beating heart."

In the poem she lies there alone, but the picture follows the legend that places their child in her arms. Gaudama, it relates, wished to embrace his son, but feared to wake the mother, and that he dared not do, because he feared the influence of her tears and entreaties. He stood and looked on the boy and said: "I shall see him again after I become Buddha, but if now I yield I will release no one from the sorrows of existence,"



GAUDAMA TAKES LEAVE OF YASÔDHARA.

"And thrice he made to go, but thrice came back,  
So strong her beauty was, so large his love."

This is one of the favorite subjects with artists and story-tellers, and no matter how it is told Gaudama conquers love with infinite struggle and heroic self-sacrifice.

"Wife! child! father! and people! ye must share  
A little while the anguish of this hour,  
That light may break, and all flesh learn the law."

From the same offering is another picture, showing

Gaudama mounted on his white horse, Kantaka, and followed by his charioteer Channa :

Then Channa said,  
"Master, I go !" and forthwith, mournfully,



KANTAKA'S LEAP.

Unto the stall he passed, and from the rack  
Took down the silver bit and bridle-chains,  
Breast-cord and curb; and knitted fast the straps,  
And linked the hooks, and led out Kantaka :

Whom tethering to the ring, he combed and dressed,  
Stroking the snowy coat to silken gloss ;  
Next on the steed he laid the numdah square,  
Fitted the saddle-cloth across, and set  
The saddle fair, drew tight the jeweled girths,  
Buckled the breech-bands and the martingale,  
And made fall both the stirrups of worked gold.  
Then over all he cast a golden net,  
With tassels of seed-pearl and silken strings,  
And led the great horse to the palace door,  
Where stood the prince ; but when he saw his lord,  
Right glad he waxed and joyously he neighed,  
Spreading his scarlet nostrils ; and the books  
Write, "Surely all had heard Kantaka's neigh,  
And that strong trampling of his iron heels,  
Save that the Devas laid their unseen wings,  
Over their ears and kept the sleepers deaf."

Fondly Siddārtha drew the proud head down,  
Patted the shining neck, and said, "Be still,  
White Kantaka ! be still, and bear me now  
The farthest journey ever rider rode ;  
For this night take I horse to find the truth,  
And where my quest will end yet know I not,  
Save that it shall not end until I find."  
Then drew he rein, and leaped to earth and kissed  
White Kantaka betwixt the ears, and spake  
Full sweet to Channa : "This which thou hast done  
Shall bring thee good and bring all creatures good.  
Be sure I love thee always for thy love.  
Lead back my horse and take my crust-pearl here,  
My princely robes, which henceforth stead me not,  
My jeweled sword-belt and my sword, and these  
The long locks by its bright edge severed thus  
From off my brows. Give the king all, and say  
Siddārtha prays forget him till he come  
Ten times a prince, with royal wisdom won."



GAUDAMA'S RETURN.





GAUDAMA AND DE-BIN-GAYA.

According to the Burmese this horse was twelve feet long and able to go around the world before breakfast.

Those of the people who contend that the story of Gaudama is but an allegory, say Kantaka means endurance, but the poem sends both Channa and the horse back to the palace, one bearing a message to the king, the other loaded with the prince's robes and sword.

When, after seven years' absence, Gaudama returns, heralded by the merchants, and

"Eager to be before—Yasôdhara  
Rode in her litter to the city walls,"

where at last

—"she beheld  
One slow approaching with his head close shorn,  
A yellow cloth over his shoulder cast,  
Girt as the hermits are, and in his hand  
An earthen bowl, shaped melon-wise, the which  
Meekly at each hut-door he held a space  
Taking the general dole with gentle thanks,  
And all as gently passing when none gave.  
Two followed him wearing the yellow robe,  
But he who bore the bowl so lordly seemed,  
So reverend, and with such a passage moved,  
With so commanding presence filled the air,  
With such sweet eyes of holiness smote all,  
That, as they reached him alms the givers gazed  
Awe-struck upon his face, and some bent down  
In worship, and some ran to fetch fresh gifts  
Grieved to be poor; till slowly, group by group,  
Children and men and women drew behind  
Into his steps, whispering with covered lips,  
Who is he? who? when looked a Rishi thus?  
But as he came with quiet footfall on

Nigh the pavilion, lo! the silken door  
Lifted, and all unveiled, Yasôdhara  
Stood in his path crying, 'Siddârtha! Lord!  
With wide eyes streaming, and with close-clasping hands,  
Then sobbing, fell upon his feet, and lay."

Such a procession, as here represented, is familiar in Burmah where the priests come from their monasteries every morning, and, bowl in hand, go from house to house. They never ask for food, but silently stand in front of the doors, and when nothing is brought to them they, still silent, turn and go away. But alms are rarely refused. They receive the whitest rice, the richest curries, the most choice fruit, and no man who is a priest can make complaint of his food.

One of the local legends which illustrates the transmigration of the souls of Gaudama and Yasôdhara together is similar in spirit to some told by Arnold. The Buddha De-bin-gaya, who preceded Gaudama by centuries, was one day walking out bearing a green lacquer rice pot, and attended by a retinue of priests who carried black ones, when he came to a place much too muddy for his sacred feet. He stood still a moment, considering what was best to do, when Gaudama, who was then inhabiting the form of a man, much inferior to the coming Siddârtha, ran out from his house, and, flinging himself over the mud, asked De-bin-gaya to step upon his body and so keep his feet pure. The deity looked at him, and, recognizing his successor, promptly refused to step upon a coming Buddha. A woman standing near heard what De-bin-gaya said, and coming forward with lotus



THE DEVIL VISITS GAUDAMA.

flowers in her hands, she lay at the god's feet and prayed to be allowed to go with Gaudama through all his coming transmigrations and so to serve him. This was granted, and when, many ages after, she reappeared as Yasôdhara, and Gaudama is asked—

"Why thus his heart  
Took fire at first glance of the Sâkya girl?"

he answered—

"We were not strangers, as to us  
And all it seemed; in ages long gone by—"  
"Thus I was he, and she Yasôdhara;  
And while the wheel of birth and death turns round,  
That which hath been must be between us two."

The picture of the devil mounted on a white elephant tells one of Gaudama's adventures after his deification. He was traveling alone, and coming to a place where he wished to rest, a royal green cushion sprang up, as was usual, from the ground, and he sat down on it and began to meditate. Just then, however, this devil on his elephant, and carrying spears and fetters in his six hands, came dashing along and saw Gaudama. He at once stopped and asked the god why he took possession of a throne that belonged to the devil? In spite of his humility, Gaudama did not like this insolence, and he replied that not only was the throne his own, but he had won it by special deeds of merit. At this the devil sneered and said he would like some proof of these assertions. Gaudama called a "Nat" from the centre of the earth as a witness, and up he came, wringing his

hair. The devil asked why he did this, and the "Nat" explained that he wanted to dry his hair; and then the devil, gazing astounded at the rush of water as the "Nat" vigorously twisted his locks, asked how it got so remarkably wet. Gaudama was the cause of it, replied the "Nat"; he had poured so much water on the earth in offerings to the gods that it had run through to his abode, and this was the result; and then he went on wringing and wringing, and the water rose higher and higher and became a raging flood, before which the devil and his white elephant fled in haste, leaving Gaudama in tranquil possession.

The devil is an important character in many of these stories, and, although he gets the worst in all conflicts, he is perpetually annoying better people. Once he found a priest who had attained to such a holy life that he was able to live in any of the three elements, sitting under water eating rice. The devil immediately saw, as he thought, an opportunity of humiliating a holy man, and so asked him why he ate after twelve o'clock? The priest was horrified at this accusation, because upon no account would he have been guilty of such a crime. He glanced up at the remarkable sun in the chariot, which is seen in the illustration, and found the devil was all wrong; and, provoked at such impudence, the priest took the cord from his waist and flung it at the devil, and it wound itself around his neck and became a dead dog. This was very unpleasant, and the devil at once began to try to rid himself of it, but no effort of his own, no help from any priest was of the slightest

use. The dead dog, heavy and cold, clung around his neck. Finally he went to the priest whom he had insulted and earnestly besought him to remove the dog. The priest refused, the devil begged, but at last the priest consented on condition that the devil should assume the shape of Gaudama, whom the holy man had never seen. Now it was the devil's turn to refuse and the priest's to persuade. Then the devil agreed on condition that the priest should not worship him. To this the priest readily consented, but when the devil changed form and became more and more glorious and god-like, the priest fell on his knees in rapturous worship, and, with a howl of anguish, the devil took his own shape and fled away. Whether he was punished for sacrilege or not the legend does not relate, but he got rid of the dead dog.



THE PRIEST WORSHIPS THE DEVIL IN GAUDAMA'S SHAPE.



GAUDAMA PREACHES A SERMON.

Our last picture shows Gaudama sitting upon the sacred cushion preaching.

"Eminent, worshiped, all the earnest  
throng  
Catching the opening of his lips to  
learn  
That wisdom which has made our  
Asia mild."

—"while at his feet  
Sate sweet Yasodhara, her heart-  
aches gone,  
Foreseeing that fair love which doth  
not feed  
On fleeting sense, that life which  
knows no age,  
That blessed last of deaths when  
death is dead,  
His victory and hers."

The trees have come to hearken,  
the deer from the woods

"Had sense of Buddha's vast-embracing love."

And in the foreground are  
priests who hope by emulating  
his austerities to

"Break from the bond of self, and so,  
unsphered,  
Be God, and melt into the vast  
divine,  
Flying from false to true, from wars  
of sense  
To peace eternal, where the silence  
lives."

K. F. EVANS.



## NOAH'S DREAM.

A LEGEND OF "OULD TIPPERARY."

THE story came to be told in this wise:

In the second quarter of the last century a certain Patrick Rafferty was once "making a night of it" in his cabin in Tipperary *l'le-à-l'le* with old Father McGra, a priest of the neighborhood, who was his special crony. They had lashins of whisky of which the gauger had never heard, and their orgy had been carried far into the small hours. Every soul in the cabin save the two comotators was sound asleep—the wife, the childer, even the pig, snored in their accustomed places. The cat lay a brindled ball at the feet of his reverence, and the dog, dreaming of the chase, whined ever and anon and moved his feet "with a short, uneasy motion." The peat smoke filled the apartment and would perhaps have suffocated persons less accustomed to it than the peasant and the priest. Without, "the wind howled upon the hill," as it had done in the days of Fingal, and its hollow roar, indicating a great contrast to the cozy comfort within, was a perfectly unnecessary argument in favor of filling their cups again. In this very propitious season, Father McGra, warmed by the generous liquor, grew confidential and imparted to his host a mighty secret for his benefit and that of his heirs male, preserving strictly the right of primogeniture. Father McGra was known far and wide for his sterling qualities of heart and head, and was esteemed by the simple peasantry, who constituted the greater part of his charge, a man of deep and varied learning, which ran into most unusual and obsolete channels, such as are generally "pooh-poohed" in this prosaic and utilitarian age. He was deeply versed in astrology, in which he was a devout believer, but his strongest point, outside of course, of his profession, was a thorough acquaintance with what is known, and more besides, perhaps, of demonology and witchcraft. He was popularly supposed to hold most intimate relations with the numerous bands of fairies who frequented the hilly portions of his parish and the adjacent mountains, and to have encountered without discomfiture those darker spirits who, in spite of his efforts and those of his *confères*, ventured sometimes to intrude within the charmed limits of his bailiwick. He talked much on these subjects, though he disclosed little of practical value, dealing provokingly in generalities, but always leaving the impression that he could tell, if so minded, a vast deal more than he thought it expedient to divulge. It was only in such *symposia* as the one commemorated, that he discoursed freely and to such audience, fit but few, as Patrick Rafferty.

At this witching hour, therefore, and to his pot companion, he spoke as follows:

"An' so ye're goin' up to the mountain beyant to worruk a month for the masher, an' it's afeard ye are of the divils an' fairies that haunt thim regions? An' small blame t' ye, for they're as thick as bees up there. Now ye're a good frind to me, Paddy, an' I've niver done much for ye, barrin' a little help toward the rint now an' thin by a good word to the agent, or maybe to the masher himself, whin the pig died or some other

misfortin' befel ye. An' I'm goin' to tell ye a mighty saycret, that av ye 'll moind an' be sure niver to tell to mortal man except as I tell ye, will make ye able to snap yer fingers at all the divils in Ireland, an' niver a fairy can say t' ye, 'black is the white o' yer eye.' Now moind what I tell ye, Paddy, an' don't forget it, for this is a saycret that kem down from the blessed St. Pathrick himself in the way that I 'm goin' to tell ye:

"Well, ye know St. Pathrick druv all the vermin out of Ireland, an' he'd have sarved the fairies the same way but he thought the country would be too peaceable an' quiet, an' the people so happy that they'd clane forgit their duties an' think they were in Paradise itself, an' needn't go to mass nor confession, nor pay their dues to the prastes, nor nothin' o' the sort—so he left the fairies to kape 'em onaisy. Now, St. Pathrick was a great man, an' a wise man, but he didn't know everythin', for he didn't know how mane the English could be (an' it's mighty few to this day that does). Av he had, he'd have known they'd kape the Irish onaisy enough widout botherin' 'em with fairies. However, so it was; he left the fairies, but before he wint away he made a sort o' treaty with the king of the fairies. It's well known he met the king on the top of a high mountain in County Clare, an' they had a long talk together, an' was molty frindly intirely. Some say they finished a bowl of punch as big as a hog'shead to moisten the bargain; but I don't belave that, for St. Pathrick was a jontleman, ivry inch o' 'm, an' he would drink fair, turn an' turn about an' no heel taps, av the liquor was good, with any Christian man, gentle or simple—but the likes o' him—a saint an' a bishop of Howly Church, drinkin' hob-a-nob with an unbaptized haythen like the king o' the fairies, who hadn't a sowl at all to bless himself wid—not a bit of it! For ye must know, Paddy, that the fairies, though they're a very wise people, are mortal (not that I ever saw a dead fairy myself), and live to a very great age, many hundreds of years, like the patriarchs of old, ye know; but when they do die there's no hereafter for 'm, good or bad.

"Well, the fairies was very agreeable with St. Pathrick, for they were loath to lave Ireland; the country shooted them, for it's the "Green Isle," an' green's their favorite color; so they promised to do just whatever St. Pathrick required of 'm. An' he forbid 'm to take human life—that is, of any baptized person—or to do serious harrum to any excep' they was excommunicate or in mortal sin, an' such like, ye onderstand. Well, whin the king found the Saint's terms so very moderate he was molty plazed intirely, and tould St. Pathrick a good many things he didn't know before; an' one of thim I 'm going to tell ye, for as I said t' ye, they're very wise and know almost everythin' in this worl'd that ever happened, clane back to Adam's time. Well, havin' no sows at all they're sometimes good an' sometimes bad; like a ship without a rudder, they're carried about just as the winds an' tides plaze to carry 'em. For the sowl's like a rudder, Paddy, an' by movin' that a man can be guided into the

way he ought to go. Now devils is different; they're immortal, an' condemned, an' in torment; there're always bad, an' forevermore studyin' to enthrap the souls of men, and busy pryin' about, findin' out everythin' that can help them in their wicked schaymes.

"Now the king tould St. Pathrick that there was one thing the fairies knew an' the devils didn't, an' that was what went on in Noah's Ark after it was afloat an' the mountains was covered. The way of it was this, ye see—the Ark was the Lord's own boat, built by His orders by the man He chose, an' the devils darsen't go in there. Then the wather outside was howly wather, for ye moind, Paddy, that the windows of heaven were opened an' the wather kem from there, an' in coorse it was howly wather, so the devils couldn't go in there. The air was open to 'm—they are the powers of the air, ye know, for Satan is the prince of the powers of the air; but thin it was poor fun an' unprofitable besides to be sailin' around above the wather like a flock of fish-hawks, an' not darin' to make a dive for a saumon or a sinner—an' it's my opinion there was more sinners than saumon in that wather. So they went off to the Dog star or some of them furrin counthries, an' made it lively there I'll go bail until the flood was over. An' so 'twas that they never knew to this day what happened in Noah's Ark while it was afloat upon the wather. Now the fairies, they're like bad luck, everywhere, they were in the Ark, an' they found out all that went on, an' the king o' the fairies tould St. Pathrick some things that by puttin' this an' that together—for, as I tould ye, he was very wise—he came at a sure way to tell a devil from a fairy, and send him howlin' away. An' he tould this great saycret to an ancestor of mine, with strict orders not to tell any livin' sowl except his eldest son, an' so on down; an' the saycret has come down to me, an' I, bein' a praste, have no eldest son, so I'm free to tell you upon the same conditions. Now I'm goin' to tell it t'ye. You see, Noah was a ship-carpenter by thrade, an' he had a long job buildin' that Ark, an' worked hard an' ate hearty while he was at it; but whin it was done an' he was shut up in the Ark, he had little or nothin' to do, an' in coorse idled away his time—still he kep' on atin' all the same. Well, one night he had a dhrame; he dhramed he was lying on the broad of his back (as in-dade he was), an' right on his breast-bone was mounted a big pratee, as big as a puncheon of rum—a pratee of the kind the English call 'Murphys' (bad luck to their impudence in mistratin' an ancient and honorable Irish name), an' it was crushin' his life out—an' he twisted, an' turned, an' worked, an' struggled, an' tried to scream, an' at last he throwed it off, an' waked with a yell that set the lions an' tigers an' sich like in the Ark a-roarin' for an hour.

"Well, Noah was a wise man, Paddy, but he couldn't larn but one thing at a time; so he said, 'Bedad,' says he, 'I mustn't ate no more pratees for supper,' says he. An' the next night, sure enough, he didn't, but he doubled his allowance of butthermilk. An' that night he dhramed he was on the broad of his back, an' there was a lot of devils howldin' a big tunnel to his mouth an' pourin' butthermilk down his throat by the bucketful till he was nearly strangled. Mebbe ye've seen a gauger funneled that-a-way with still beer when ye was worrkun' at the still down there in the bog? Ah! well—that was a good while ago—let bygones be bygones. Well, Noah kicked an' struggled, an' the devils kep' pourin', but at last he broke loose an' jumped out of bed, yellin' like one of his own tigers. Then Noah learnt another thin'. 'Begorra,' says he,

'afther this I won't take supper at all, at all.' An' he didn't, an' slept sound an' never dhramed another dhrame as long as he stayed in the Ark. An' it's well known that afther that he never could abide butthermilk, an' he was hard pushed to find anythin' he could drink. He wouldn't drink butthermilk, an' while the flood lasted he saw so much wather he was sick o' that (it's not fit to drink, anyhow), an' there was no whisky in them days—the people was that ignorant, Paddy,—so whin he got on dhry land agin he made him some wine, an' got as dhruunk on't as Looney's cow.

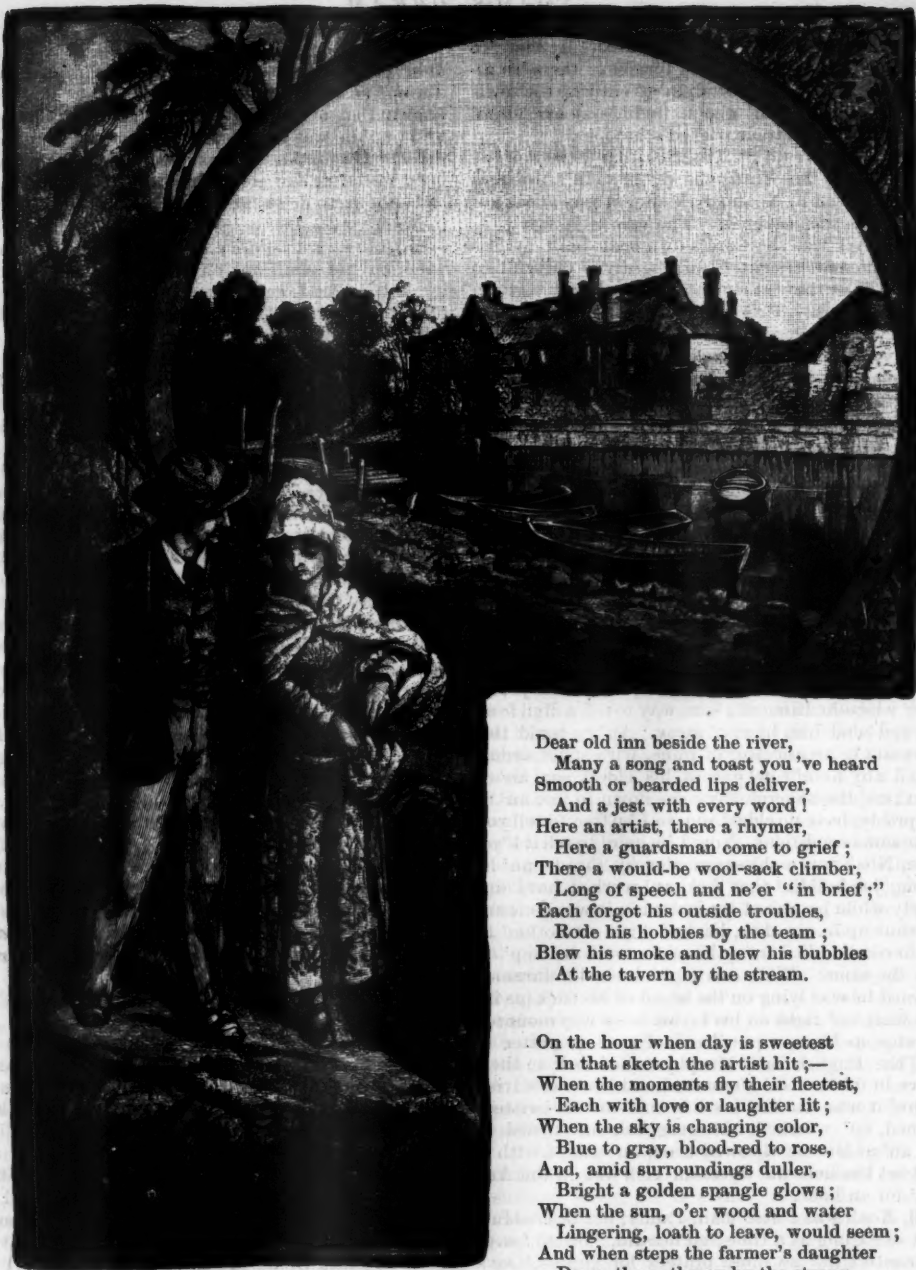
"D'ye mind Looney's cow? She drank three buckets of potheen, an' got that dhruunk she gev nothin' but milk punch ivir aftherward.

"Well, ould Sir John Fitzhugh, over there at Castle Fitzhugh in County Clare—an' he loved punch wid milk in't, or wather in't, or anythin' else in't, so there was plinty o' whisky in't, as well as any man in Ireland—well, Sir John he kem over in his coach, as he called it—a crazy ould shandrydan, just ready to fall to pieces, for he was that stingy that, though he had oshins of money, he niver would spind sixpence av he could help it on anythin' in life, barrin' somethin' to ate an' dhruunk, an' he had the gout that bad he couldn't walk a fut to save his life, or mount a horse or go anyway but in his coach. So, as I was tellin' ye, he kem over in his coach to see the cow, an' he saw her milked an' tasted the punch, an' offered Looney fifty guineas for his cow; but Looney said (an' small blame to 'm) that gould couldn't buy her. So Looney kep' his cow like a fightin' cock, an' rubbed an' curried her night an' mornin' as if she wor a race-horse, an' fed her on the best o' oatmeal an' the finest o' hay, an' gev her ivry now and thin a dhrop o' the crater, for fear that maybe the punch might be gettin' a little waker.

"Well, as I was tellin' ye, Noah got dhruunk on wine, an' for my part I wondher at him, for I wouldn't give a little jug o' potheen for a puncheon o' the best wine that ivir crossed the says. But, I s'pose, as there was no whisky in them days, Noah did the best he could, poor man! I'll tell ye some time, Paddy, who it was that first made whisky an' how he kem to do it, but not now—not now.

"Well, ye see, the fairies was in the Ark an' knew all about Noah's dhramas, but the devils was all off in furrin parts an' niver found out about it at all, at all. Well, the king of the fairies tould St. Pathrick all about Noah's dhramas, an' that all his people knew it, an' as for the devils, why devil a wan o' them knew a word about it; an' so St. Pathrick, as I was tellin' ye, put this an' that together an' tould my ancestor that if he should meet a shpirit he could tell whether it was a devil or a fairy by axin' it what Noah dhramed about whin he was in the Ark. Av 'twas a fairy 'twould answer correct an' thrate him like a jontleman, for it would know he was a friend of St. Pathrick's, but av it was a devil 'twould tell him some lie or another, an' thin av he'd make the sign of the cross right quick—an' have his hand ready at his head to do't—the devil would fly into the air, howlin', in a sheet of flames. For there's two thin's the devils can't stand; one is the sign of the cross and the other is bein' caught in a lie. They're like some other folks—they don't mind tellin' 'm, but it's jist the devil an' all bein' caught in 'm. An' this is the great saycret o' Noah's dhramas, an' it kem down to me, an' as I've no eldest son I tell t' to you, an' maybe it'll be worth yer life, if not yer sowl, whin ye go up to the mountains to worrk for the master."

WILLIAM L. MURFREE, SR.



#### THE ARTIST'S SWEETHEART.

HERE it hangs 'mid other sketches  
Of the scenes we used to roam ;  
Yon's the silver stream that stretches  
Past the old riparian home,  
Where Bohemians, each the poorest,  
Gayest type of all his kind,  
Far from beaten track of tourist,  
Charming quarters chanced to find.  
There, in days now past and olden,  
Came a crew to draw and dream,  
Soon as Autumn warmed with golden  
Tints the leafage by the stream.

Dear old inn beside the river,  
Many a song and toast you've heard  
Smooth or bearded lips deliver,  
And a jest with every word !  
Here an artist, there a rhymers,  
Here a guardsman come to grief ;  
There a would-be wool-sack climber,  
Long of speech and ne'er "in brief ;"  
Each forgot his outside troubles,  
Rode his hobbies by the team ;  
Blew his smoke and blew his bubbles  
At the tavern by the stream.

On the hour when day is sweetest  
In that sketch the artist hit ;—  
When the moments fly their fleetest,  
Each with love or laughter lit ;  
When the sky is changing color,  
Blue to gray, blood-red to rose,  
And, amid surroundings duller,  
Bright a golden spangle glows ;  
When the sun, o'er wood and water  
Lingering, loath to leave, would seem ;  
And when steps the farmer's daughter  
Down the pathway by the stream.

Steps she slowly and demurely,  
With her basket on her arm,  
Glancing right and left, but surely  
Not with glance that means alarm.  
Soon more lengthy shadows stencil  
Woodland glade and distant copse :—  
Packed are easel, palette, pencil,  
And the artists close their "shops."  
Gone are guardsmen, lawyer, painter,  
In a boat of ample beam ;  
Light is fading, faint and fainter,  
Round two lovers by the stream.



Though by homely bonnet shaden,  
Still she has a lovely face;  
Though with garden produce laden,  
Still she bears herself with grace.  
Naught that of the rustic savors  
Hath this princess in disguise,  
Save the lip that honey flavors,  
Save the violet in her eyes,  
Cheeks that rob the rose of sweetness,  
Brow as smooth and pure as cream—  
Life, methought, were joy's completeness  
With this maiden by the stream.

Words of mine cannot describe her  
Youthful bloom and maiden charm.  
Now—she's wed some bear-imbibber  
Working on her father's farm?—  
Or has lordling, listless, lazy,  
On some new sensation set,  
Won from me my wild-wood daisy  
With a pinchbeck coronet?  
Paradise, with Eve ungranted,  
Man would scarce as such esteem;  
Lost for me 's my once enchanted  
Land of Eden by the stream!

C. C. RHYE.

## DUST.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

AUTHOR OF "BRESSANT," "SEBASTIAN STROME," "IDOLATRY," "GARTH," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

THE Marquise Desmoines had, at the end of the summer, relinquished her abode in Red Lion Square and gone to live in more luxurious quarters further west. Apparently, her experiment of life in London had pleased her, and she meant to have some more of it. She had remained in town during the greater part of the dead season, giving the house furnishers and decorators the benefit of her personal supervision and suggestions. The lady had a genius for rendering her surroundings both comfortable and beautiful: even more, perhaps, than for enjoying the beauty and comfort when they were at her disposal. She appreciated the ease and ornament of life with one side of her nature; but another and dominant side of it was always craving action, employment and excitement, and, as a means to these ends, the companionship and collisions of human beings. Her imagination was vivid, and she was fond of giving it rein, though she seldom lost control of it; but it led her to form schemes and picture forth situations, in mere wantonness of spirit, which, sometimes, her sense of humor or love of adventure prompted her to realize. At the same time, she was very quick to comprehend the logic of facts, and to discriminate between what could and what could not be altered. But it was her belief that one of the most stubborn and operative of facts is the human will, especially the will of a woman like herself; and upon this persuasion much of her career was conditioned.

After her house was finished, and she established in it, and before the return from their wedding-trip of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Lancaster, Perdita spent most of her time in retirement and great apparent serenity. She rode on horseback a great deal, and saw very little company. Indoors, she occupied herself ostensibly in arranging flowers and in music. Old Madame Cabot, her respectable and dreary female companion, had seldom known her mistress to be so composed and unenterprising. All the Marquise seemed to want was to be let alone: she had developed a novel passion for meditation. What did she meditate about? To judge by her countenance, of nothing very melancholy. To be sure, although no one could express more by her countenance than the

Marquise Desmoines, it was rash to make inferences from it to her mind. It might well be that, had she wished to indulge in lugubrious thoughts, she was not without means of doing so. She had been in contact with some tragic experiences of late; and her entrance upon the estate of widowhood had placed her at a turning point in the path of existence; a place where one must needs pause, to review what is past and to conjecture or to plan what may be to come. Such periods are seldom altogether cheerful to those who have passed the flush of their youth. It cannot be denied, moreover, that Perdita had undergone an unusual moral stimulus at the time when she and Marion met over the murdered body of Charles Grantley; and that stimulus had been followed by consequences. But did it mark a permanent new departure? For a character like Perdita's was anything permanent except the conflicting and powerful elements whereof the character itself was composed? Were evil and good anything more to her than different ways of keeping alive the interest of life? Whoever is virtuous, whoever is wicked in this world, still the balance of wickedness and virtue will remain broadly the same. The individual varies, the human race continues unaltered. We grow and act as nature and circumstances determine; and sometimes circumstances are the stronger, sometimes nature.

There were phases of Perdita's inward existence with which Madame Cabot was probably unacquainted. The Marquise wanted several things, and would not be at rest until she got them: and, by that time, new objects of desire would arise. It may be that she had not defined to herself exactly what she wanted, or that she merely wanted to achieve a certain mental or moral situation and sensation, and was indifferent by what methods she achieved it. The truth is, a woman like Perdita is as dangerous as fire—resembles fire in her capacities both for benefit and mischief. And if Madame Cabot could have beheld her at certain times, in the solitude of her room, pacing up and down the floor, with her hands behind her back; or cutting a sheet of paper into shreds with a sharp pair of scissors; or lying at full length upon the cushions of a lounge, with her hands clasped behind her head, her white throat exposed, and her dark eyes roving restlessly hither and thither; or springing up to

examine herself minutely in the looking-glass; or talking to herself in a low, rapid tone, with interspersed smiles and frowns;—if Madame Cabot could have seen all this, she might have doubted whether, after all, the Marquise was going to settle down into an uneventful, humdrum existence.

The party at Lady Flanders' was Perdita's first prominent appearance in London society, and it seemed also to introduce a change in her mood. She was now less inclined to shut herself up alone, more talkative and vivacious than she had latterly been. She kept Madame Cabot in constant employment, though about nothing in particular, and addressed to her all manner of remarks and inquiries, of many of which the dreary old lady could not divine the drift, and almost fancied, at times, that the Marquise must imagine her to be some one else; especially as Perdita had more than once exclaimed, "But after all you are not a man!" One afternoon, when Perdita had been in exceptionally good spirits, the servant announced Mr. Merton Fillmore.

"Mr. Fillmore?" she repeated. "Well, . . . let him be admitted."

He had already called upon her several times, always with more or less reference to business matters, and there was a fair degree of familiarity between them. Perdita had not been insensible to the keenness and virility of his mind and the cultivation of his taste; and for this and other reasons she was disposed to have a liking for him. As he entered the room she rose to receive him, with a smile that might have conferred distinction on a night-watchman. Fillmore, on his part, seemed also in a very genial frame of mind, and they began to chat together most pleasantly.

"Now, I hope you have not come about any business," said the Marquise, after they had touched upon Lady Flanders and kindred topics.

"You are not in a business humor?"

"I don't like business to be my rival."

"Do you regard as a rival the key that opens the door to you?"

"Sir, I disapprove of keys altogether. If my door is closed, no key can open it; and if it is open . . . " She made a gesture with her hand.

"I shall take you at your word," said Fillmore quietly, after he had looked at her for a moment. There was something in his tone that conveyed more than any amount of conventional thanks and compliments. "As for business," he continued, "you have already put that away from you by force and violence."

Perdita laughed. "I have behaved like a fool, haven't I?"

"That is what people would say."

"What do you say?"

"I think you were wise."

"Not even generous?"

"To be generous, one must sacrifice something."

"Well?"

"It is true you have sacrificed your curiosity."

Perdita laughed again. "And that is wise rather than generous, you think? But my curiosity might come to life again some day. By the way, have you any news of Sir Francis?"

"People say of him that 'he will never be himself again.' Perhaps that would not be a very hard saying for the best of us. But Bendibow is certainly suffering. He looks old and haggard, and his mind seems out of poise. He is living at his Twickenham place: I have seen him only twice. 'Tis impossible to lift him out of his mood: you cannot fix his attention. I wished to make him agree to the appointment of some capable

man to take charge of the bank, but he would listen to nothing. The servants say he is constantly muttering to himself, when he fancies he is alone."

"Can Sir Francis Bendibow go mad because his son is dead?" interrupted Perdita, leaning back on the sofa and looking at Fillmore with eyes half closed.

"He was very fond of the boy," replied Fillmore, after a pause: "and possibly the circumstances may have been more disturbing than is generally supposed. 'Tis said that he manifests some peculiarities—" he checked himself.

"Go on!" said Perdita. "My imagination is worse than my curiosity."

"He disappears, for several hours at a time, generally after dark, without mentioning where he is going."

"So you consider me wise in not sending for the packet, and opening it?"

"Why should you?"

"If I should, some time, would you advise me?"

"I would rather not."

"By-the-way, talking of the packet, how are our friends the Lancasters getting on?"

"Rather brilliantly, I should judge. Mrs. Lancaster, especially, seems to accept her changed circumstances very cordially."

"I am glad to hear it," said Perdita, manifesting interest. "She was reluctant enough at first."

"She has a singular character; not easy to fathom. Mr. Grantley probably understood her better than most people. She may have been unwilling that her husband should appear to be dependent on her. At all events, they are making preparations for a fashionable appearance in society: Lancaster's success is assured already; and for aught I know, his wife may have it in her to make an even greater success than he."

"What are they doing?"

"I understand they have rented a house in a desirable quarter; some additions are to be built to it, and alterations made; and then it will be furnished as taste and Providence may permit. Meanwhile, as of course you are aware, 'Iduna' continues to sell new editions, and all the omens are propitious."

"What do you think of 'Iduna'?" asked Perdita carelessly.

"It is strong—too strong, I should fancy, for a bridegroom."

"More knowledge of love than a bachelor had a right to have—is that what you mean?" inquired Perdita, arching her brows.

"There is such a thing as understanding a passion too clearly to feel it," Fillmore answered. "You may take up a matter either intellectually or emotionally, but you will seldom be equally strong in both directions."

"But the pleasure of emotion is only in feeling. It is blind. Intellect is sight. Sight often makes sensation more pleasurable."

"A man who is in love, madame, wishes to do something more than to enjoy his own sensations; he wishes to have them shared by the lady of his choice. To insure that he must, at least, love with all his strength. And, as a matter of experience, there is little evidence to show that the best poets of love have also been the best lovers. They filter their hearts through their heads, so to speak; they imagine more than they can personally realize. There is Byron, for instance—"

"Yes; I saw him in Italy: he is an actor, who always plays one rôle—Byron! But he is not like others. A poet of love . . . if he is not a good lover, it may be because he never happens to meet a woman lovable enough. But when he does meet her . . . it would

be heaven for them both!" The Marquise seldom spoke with so much fervor and earnestness.

Fillmore looked at her intently, and his ordinarily impassioned face slowly reddened. He pressed one clenched hand strongly into the palm of the other.

"I have one argument," he said, "to prove that poets are not the best lovers."

"Arguments don't always convince me. What is it?"

"I am no poet myself."

"Is that your argument?" demanded Perdita after a moment.

"Yes."

"How would you apply it?"

Fillmore, for once, hesitated. A great deal depended, for him, on what he might say next. Perdita was looking extremely lovely, yet she had not precisely the kind of expression that he would have wished her to have at this moment. But the man had made up his mind, long ago, as to what he intended to do, and he reflected that the mood of the moment would not make much difference in the long run. Success in his project was either possible, or it was not: but at all events, a temporary rebuff, should that happen, was not going to discourage him. So he manned himself, and said, quietly and firmly:

"Though I am no poet, no poet could love you more than I do."

Perdita was perfectly still for a moment; not a nerve vibrated. She was instantly aware that she would on no account accept Fillmore's offer; but it had been entirely unexpected, and she wished to give the surprise an opportunity to define its quality. It seemed to her not altogether disagreeable, simply as a betrayal of Fillmore's state of mind toward her. She was pleased to have won the love of a man of his calibre; and she had the good sense, or discernment, to perceive that he loved her for herself, and not for any extrinsic advantage that the possession of her might afford him. She also saw that he was intensely in earnest. A less self-confident and victorious woman might have felt some consternation at the prospect of conflict which the situation contained: but Perdita, on the contrary, felt only exhilaration.

"When we first met," she said at length, "you remarked that I would make a good lawyer. You understood me better then than you seem to do now."

Fillmore shook his head.

"I might make a good lawyer," Perdita continued, "but I should make a very bad lawyer's wife."

"I am a man, as well as a lawyer," said Fillmore, bending a strong look upon her.

"And a gentleman, as well as a man," she added with a gracious smile. "In fact, sir, if you were less agreeable, I might love you; but as it is, I like you and enjoy your society much too well for that. I would rather hate you than love you: and as for marrying you—pardon me for being the first to speak the word, but widows have privileges—I would rather love you and have you jilt me!"

There was a certain delicate comicality in Perdita's way of saying this, which, though it implied no slight to Fillmore, was more disheartening than the most emphatic and serious "No" would have been.

"I had been flattering myself with the idea that you looked upon me more as if I were a man than a woman," she continued. "Any one can fall in love with a pretty woman; and there is less distinction in being loved by a man like you, than in having you treat me as a friend and an equal—if you would do that!"

"You are the only woman who has ever been a woman for me," replied Fillmore, with passion. "The love both of my youth and of my manhood is yours. I will do anything to win you. I will never give you up."

"Oh, I can easily make you give me up," said Perdita with a sigh.

"How?"

"By letting you know me better."

"You do not know me!" he exclaimed.

"I shall always love some one else better than you."

"Who?" demanded he, turning pale.

"Myself!" said Perdita with a laugh.

"You can be my wife, nevertheless."

"That I never will," she said, looking him in the face.

He rose from his chair. "I will never give you up," he repeated. "I will go now. You will let me come again?"

"As often as you like: I am not afraid of you," was her answer.

Fillmore bowed and turned away. She had had the advantage so far. But he loved her thrice as much as he had done before, and he had never suffered defeat in anything he had undertaken. She neither loved him nor feared him?—But she could be his wife, nevertheless; and he would do anything to win her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## UNWELCOME PROPHECY.

BEYOND the river's lordly sweep,  
Made radiant by the moonlight's sheen,  
O'er banks that dip to meet the glow,  
The silvery willows lightly lean.

From out their inmost tranquil depths,  
Where mystic shadows interweave,  
A sound, evoked by night's deep hush,  
Comes winging through the pensive eve.

Only an insect's first shrill cry,  
Thus late from Summer's quiver shot;  
Yet, hearing which, my doubting ears  
Would fain believe they heard it not.

For piercing thus the heart of night,  
It pierces my own heart as well  
With a foreboding keen regret  
For what its fitful notes foretell.

Of Beauty's sure and swift decay  
Through with'ring blights of speeding frost;  
Till all her freshest, fairest charms  
The fairest season shall have lost.

Oh, Katydid! take back thy song;  
Still let me hug the sweet deceit,  
That Summer's fullness is not past,  
And long she'll wait her doom to meet.

ALICE C. HALL.





By ALBION W. TOURGÉE.

Author of "A Fool's Errand," "Figs and Thistles," "Bricks Without Straw," "John Eax," Etc.

CHAPTER XIX.  
A MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

THERE was a flush on the face of Martin Kortright as he advanced quickly across the spacious library and exchanged greetings with the grave, easy-mannered man beside the heaped-up writing table, and who welcomed him with something of surprise. After shaking hands with his visitor, Hargrove motioned to a chair that stood opposite to his own and scrutinized the young man somewhat more critically than usual as he sat down. This was his daughter's suitor—her first suitor, and, judging from her words, likely to be the last, if only the impulse of her heart was to be regarded in the decision. He could not blame her. Martin Kortright, at eighteen, must be confessed by the most casual observer to be a very proper young man. In his person the father's ruggedness had been softened by the fullness of the mother's outline. The keen, blue eyes and massive brow of Harrison Kortright were happily blended in his countenance with the richer complexion and rounder oval of Martha Ermendorf. His lips were as mobile as his father's, but had something of the fullness and color that still made his mother's smile so sweet.

Ever since his first visit there, Martin Kortright had made Sturmhold his "other home," as he had been wont to call it. "Martin's room" had been one of the permanently appropriated apartments of the mansion. It was never occupied by any one else, and was always kept ready for his coming. The life of the hillside mansion had become in him inextricably interwoven with that of the humbler home in the valley.

To Hilda he had been as a brother. Neither had any other intimate associates of their own age. Between them there had never been the least restraint, and in all these years no serious estrangement. Mr. Hargrove had come to love the sturdy boy almost as a son, all the more easily because of his young daughter's evident fondness for her playmate and protector. Then, too, the boy had made his way like a conqueror into the affections of the whole household. Jason, the faithful butler, had long known him only as "Marse Martin." Hargrove could not have resisted, if he would, his frank intrepidity.

He had not planned that Hilda and Martin should love each other. In fact, the simple words of his daughter had brought to him that feeling of jealous surprise with which a loving parent always learns that the life he has cherished is to be dissevered from his own. Yet, while he had not purposely designed to promote this re-

sult, he had more than once contemplated it as a possible contingency, and he was not unwilling that it should occur. He remembered that in the very moment when he said to Harrison Kortright, "Let them be partners," it occurred to him that it would be an odd instance of our American conglomeration of races and peoples if his Hilda, sprung from the buccaneer, the planter, and the exile of sunny Italy, with a dash of Quaker steadfastness in her veins, should mate with the child of the Dutch Yankee, the offspring of chill New England and phlegmatic Netherlands. After all, he thought, it would only be Yeoman Hargrove and Yeoman Cartwright striking hands across the centuries in the persons of their children, whose English lives had subjugated the currents of foreign blood that swelled their veins. It was strange that he should quietly have contemplated this contingency. He was not without pride of birth. The father and the father's father, whose portraits looked down from his library walls, were not men to beget offspring who could be otherwise than proud of their name and achievements. There was not, it is true, the warmth of attachment between him and the other branches of the Hargrove stock that one is accustomed to find among kindred in the South. Indeed, he hardly seemed to have any kindred in the sense of near relations. The owner of the "Quarter," in the old days, had been the Hargrove of that region. His kinsmen had lacked the inherent force necessary to enable them to rise above the rank in which they had been born. As the family grew rich and strong they gathered around and shared its prosperity. They were rather privileged henchmen than kindred and equals. So, too, the family alliances had not generally been with the very best of the vicinity. The taint of yeoman origin, as well as the somewhat rough manners of the early owners of the Quarter, had prevented that. His father's Northern marriage had been seriously resented by the connection when they found that it was not sufficiently lucrative to restore the lavishness of the old régime. They had looked very coldly on the young widow who came to face the prospect of penury on the encumbered plantation, and never quite forgave her for capturing the heart of Colonel Eighmie and, through his aid, avoiding the fate that apparently awaited her. It is very hard for people to permit themselves to be forgiven. So when he himself returned with his fair foreign bride he found the consanguineous Hargroves green with envy at the good fortune that had fallen to his lot. They had, too, the distrust peculiar to that re-

gion, of those coming from abroad or whose habits of life and methods of thought are not formed on their own peculiar models. When, therefore, he espoused his brother's cause against a public sentiment, than which nothing could be more intense and bitter, they were but too glad to disown any responsibility for his conduct and to withdraw from him not only their approval but also their society. Absorbed in each other and the gay life they met at the Northern resorts which they visited, Merwyn and his Rietta had cared little for such conduct on the part of those who, though relatives by blood, had been only strangers in fact. His devotion to his wife, whose foreign birth and education separated her somewhat from society, tended even more to secure their complete isolation. Till her death he had wished for nothing more than her presence. To please him was the aim of her existence; to be with her the height of his desire. Their very fitness to adorn society had, in a sense, shut them out from it by making each sufficient for the other's pleasure. The presence of others was a restraint to them—an intrusion into that paradise which they held sacred to each other.

When his wife died there was nothing living that he loved. Even the child she left seemed a stranger to him until years had passed and her pretty ways began to recall her whom he still mourned. Added to these circumstances was the duty imposed upon him by his brother's will. It was neither light nor congenial. Remembering the aversion with which the public mind had regarded his intercession in that brother's behalf, he naturally expected a similar sentiment to obstruct the execution of his dying wish. The difficulties in the way seemed insuperable. He would have shirked his duty could he have done so with honor. But honor was his king, and his love for the dead brother was intense. He had brought from Mallowbanks the books of the student recluse, which he had been especially requested to keep for himself. The shelves of his library groaned under them. Through them he still communed with the gentle spirit who had loved them. His own estate would not at that time have sufficed to discharge the task he had undertaken. But, while he waited in sorrowful seclusion, it had grown many fold greater, and he looked upon this unexpected enrichment as a token that he must perform to the letter the strange trust confided to his hands.

By all these things he had been excluded from the usual circle of association, and therefore, no doubt, looked with more equanimity than he otherwise would on the possibility of marriage between his daughter and one not her equal in birth or station, and separated by the whole width of the world's life from the traditions of which she was the natural heir. So, when the children played together as boy and girl, and he thought that they might some time be partners indeed in the game of life, he said to himself, "Well, why not?" and then half thoughtlessly brought them nearer and nearer by the strong bonds of his own unconcealed affection.

Merwyn Hargrove could not be termed superstitious, but there was something about his relations to Martin Kortright and his father that seemed to him to partake of the mysterious to a degree that unquestionably influenced his conduct not a little. At the time of their first unfortunate meeting he had decided to proceed at once to execute his brother's wish. He was not ignorant either of the danger to himself or peril to his estate which such a course would entail. Living, he had no fear of the result. Should he die, he felt that in serving the interests of his brother's children he might destroy

the inheritance of his daughter. After much study he had determined to adopt the very course that his brother had pursued, except that in his case, he would, while yet living, select a trustee, who should hold a certain fund for his daughter in such a manner that the law could in no event divert it from the purpose designed. Casting about for one on whom he could safely devolve so delicate a trust, he could fix upon no one except Jared Clarkson. He had never met with him personally, but from all that he had heard of him in the region where his name was a household word, he felt that he could rely upon both his judgment and integrity. It was well known that the most cautious financier in the land had not feared to intrust him with hundreds of thousands of dollars, without even so much as a written receipt for it to bear witness of a transaction then almost unprecedented in amount between private parties. He seemed to have inherited the same rugged faithfulness to his plighted word or implied promise that Hargrove recognized as an element of his own nature. The very fact that he lived up to his convictions upon the subject of slavery and the rights of the Negro, without regard for the clamor and vituperation of others and in defiance of a public sentiment which regarded any step toward the social equality of the races with peculiar horror and animosity tended, no doubt, very strongly to strengthen the conviction of his especial fitness for this trust. At that time, as we have seen, Hargrove had no sympathy with Clarkson's convictions upon this subject, but only by accident had found himself charged with a duty that seemed in harmony therewith. Negro slavery as an institution seemed to him less dangerous than negro liberty. He was not in favor of emancipation in any point of view. He was only a simple instrument of another's will. He could not but recognize the fact, however, that faithfulness to conviction was but another name for duty, and that one who did not shrink from obloquy in the advocacy of political principle was most likely to perform a private trust. Knowing that Kortright was familiar with his character and history, it had been the purpose of his Christmas visit to Paradise Bay to make more specific inquiries in regard to this matter. Kortright's sturdy independence, thorough integrity and the boldness and practicality of his scheme to render tributary to his will the unused waterfall in which both had an interest, had turned him from his purpose, and it flashed upon him like an inspiration that here, in his very presence, was the man for whom he had been seeking—a man whom no difficulty could daunt from a task once undertaken, and whom no temptation could swerve from the path of rectitude.

The plan Kortright had conceived was a bold one. At some period in the remote past the brawling mountain torrent, on its northward way to the Mohawk, after passing through a level valley where the hills retreating on either side left wide stretches of fertile bottom lands, had met across its pathway a rugged chain of granite-founded hills. Through these it had wound in a narrow, tortuous passage, till at length it burst through a last stubborn ledge and tumbled foaming and raging to the plain beneath, thence to pursue its way unheeded to the wider channel which it sought. It was traditionary lore among the Indians that the level region to the southwestward had once been a lake of several hundred acres in extent, before the Great Spirit had cleft a passage for the pent-up waters through the hills. The fall had been utilized to turn a grist-mill almost ever since the white man's occupancy. There was a tradition that the stones first used in it had been brought from Massachusetts slung across a horse, supported by a pack-



saddle specially devised by the enterprising pioneer miller for that purpose. It seems an almost incredible tale, but when one has looked upon one of the veritable stones themselves, or what the "picker" has left thereof, as vouched for by tradition among those whose feet have trodden upon it year by year, since its grinding days were over, and has noticed what a tiny thing it was beside the great burr-stones that crush our modern harvest, he begins to grow more credulous. And when he looks upon a letter in which this sturdy pioneer recounts his experience with the twain millstones and the gray horse, whose strength he had wrongfully misdoubted at the first, as they picked their way with difficulty through the Berkshire hills, to the little settlement whose need he aspired to supply, doubt vanishes. Without such "sensible and true avouch" the writer hereof had never credited the story which he tells.

This mill, together with the lands above, had come into Hargrove's hands in the manner before described. Kortright's plan was to rebuild the barrier and recreate the lake. The task was not one that would be called stupendous at this day, but it was bold enough to make most men of that time hesitate. As to its results, when once accomplished, there could be no doubt. The supply of water and the resulting power would be practically unlimited. That this man of mature years should have had the self-control to nourish this idea in secret, with hardly the remotest prospect of its final accomplishment, marked him, to Hargrove's mind, as in some sort extraordinary. To Kortright himself the wonder always was that he revealed his secret at all. Only the enfeeblement of disease could, he mournfully asserted, have so weakened his resolution as to have induced him to complain of disappointment or condescend to ask for aid.

The result of the confidence he had been led thus strangely to bestow upon Squire Kortright had inclined Hargrove still more to the son. It was not the father's success, but the power to succeed in so difficult an undertaking, and one so apparently at variance with the training which his life had given, that had year by year increased his respect for the self-centred man whom neither pain nor difficulty could daunt. Neither Martin nor Hilda had the remotest idea of the strange relation they were to sustain to each other and toward the prosperous enterprise that had transformed Skendoah from the sleepiest of hamlets into one of the world's most bustling hives. The blandishments of fortune had not changed Harrison Kortright. His nervous, firm-shut lips were like a barrier of iron set to guard the gateway of his thought. All knew that he had prospered marvelously. None knew the secret that underlay his prosperity.

The crisis in his affairs which Merwyn Hargrove had long expected, had at length arisen. The collateral heirs of George Eighmie had delayed action for two reasons. First, because of grave doubt as to an ultimately favorable result to themselves, and, secondly, because they were advised that, as the word "heirs" was not in the will, the property would revert to them in case of the death of Hargrove before converting or consuming the estate. As his fortune, outside of what he had inherited from his testator, was ample to satisfy all claims against him for rents and profits, should he be adjudged to have held the estate wrongfully, it was believed that the wiser course was to allow matters to remain pretty much *in statu quo* until he should make some further attempt to carry out what was believed to be the secret understanding with George Eighmie. By some means or other the impression had gotten abroad

that this was about to be done. The collateral heirs were moving. The case of "Sherwood Eighmie *et al.* vs. Merwyn Hargrove, as executor, and Merwyn Hargrove individually," had been instituted and was being pressed. Matthew Bartlemy did not fear the action against his client as executor, but the designation served to give the plaintiffs a place in court and to justify a continuance from term to term in the hope of obtaining personal service of process. His opponents were right. The time had come when Merwyn Hargrove had at length decided to perform the trust his brother had laid upon him without further delay. The son of the man to whom he had intrusted her dower had come to ask the hand of his daughter. Had the trust he had bestowed upon the father only prefigured the greater confidence he must now extend to the son? His whole household had long regarded him as heir-apparent to the daughter's love, as he had already become her partner in the father's confidence—all save Lida, who, with the inconsistency of a jealous nature, had long regarded him with an aversion that had finally extended to his parents. Since Hilda had been at the seminary, too, her distrust of Hargrove had returned, and she had more than once absented herself from his house for considerable periods of time. On such occasions, Jared Clarkson, whose faith in Hargrove's sincerity had become almost as strong as his pride in his own honesty, had generally managed to inform him of her whereabouts in order to obviate any apprehension as to her safety. He did this all the more easily because of his connection with those organized enemies of slavery—or more properly, perhaps, friends of freedom—whose joint efforts to promote the escape of fugitives from slavery constituted what was quaintly known as the "Underground Railroad," an institution the importance of which, as an element in the great movement of the time, has perhaps been somewhat magnified by the many startling incidents connected with its operation.

Martin Kortright had come to the verge of manhood, never doubting his father's kindness or his mother's love. He had seen himself transferred to college after his course at Rockboro' Academy; had rejoiced at his mother's pride in his progress and success, but was profoundly ignorant of any plans that might have been made as to his future life. His father was one of those men who cannot yield their confidence to any one except under an irresistible compulsion. No hint of his purposes, as to himself, had ever reached the son's ear. With the natural instinct of the American youth for self-direction, therefore, he had laid out for himself a path in life and a part in the world's great conflict that accorded strictly with the influences and ideas of the time in which he lived. Neither the quiet life of Sturmhold nor the bustle of Skendoah's restless wheels and hammers altogether suited him. He did not realize the suffering of which the former was the mellow fruitage, or the deeper life that underlay the latter. The world's thoughts had entered into his heart and it throbbed with a wild desire to do some great thing for humanity—for liberty—for the right. His love for Hilda, instead of being a check, was only a spur to this desire. He loved her so well that he was even willing to die in order to be worthy of her. Everything was to him an impulse toward the heroic. His father's stoicism; his mother's half-secret bursts of effusive love; Hilda's undoubting confidence in the presage of greatness that he felt within; even the quiet and apparently insignificant life of Mr. Hargrove—all were to him unresting impulses to do. The spirit of the unfailing succession of inborn knights-errant was



upon him and would not let him rest content with what others had done. Rose-leaves were not soft enough for his limbs to rest upon. Only laurels, plucked by his own hand on the rugged heights where only fame and valor may come, could satisfy his soul.

So, as he sat opposite the grave, quiet man, in whose beard the threads of silver were showing more and more with each recurrent year, his thought was busy with the future—his future—the world's future—when he should help to shape its destiny. His flushed face, swelling nostril and lips, close shut yet tremulous, told of an unusual excitement. The father noted his excitement, and not doubting as to its cause, was well pleased to see this boy-suitor for his daughter's love so impressed with the importance of what he had come to ask. He had half-feared that the love that Martin had professed was rather a matter of course—a something born of propinquity and the habit of years rather than the absorbing and self-forgetful passion that sways and dominates a life once for all. Now there could be no

further doubt. The face of the young man plead for him with the father's heart, and before his lips were opened his cause was won. Very kind was his tone, and his countenance invited the utmost confidence as he asked:

"Well, Martin, what is it that brings you back from college so unexpectedly?"

He knew, of course, but it would not do to betray his knowledge. He wondered in what words the young man would clothe the announcement that had been so simply made by the daughter, who had never learned to doubt either her father's love or his wisdom. There would be a turbulent storm of words, he did not doubt, when love broke through that painful restraint which the young man had put upon himself. For this he was prepared, but he was not prepared for the words that accompanied the look of pain and entreaty which overspread Martin's face as he said, in tones that quivered with sorrow and apprehension:

"Mr. Hargrove, do you believe slavery is right?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## IS IT A NEW DEPARTURE?

THERE is one section of the platform adopted by the recent Republican Convention of the State of New York so singular in its character as at least to challenge attention, if not to awaken wonder. A party platform is a very strictly guarded domain. Rarely, indeed, does an idea find entrance there which has not already been canvassed, until the great body of intelligent thinkers have decided upon its merits and taken sides for or against its adoption or continuance as an element of public policy. Platitudes are the stock-in-trade of the platform-maker, not because he is devoid of new ideas, but because it is his purpose, in that capacity, not to formulate new doctrines, but to declare such as previous discussion shall have shown to be entertained by the great bulk of the party which is expected to support it. A platform not only is, but in the main should always be, a statement of doctrines about which men have long agreed to disagree. It is a recapitulation of the differences which exist between those great natural classes into which a self-governing community must always be divided. New issues, of course, arise from time to time—questions of policy based upon recent events, or the action of representatives of the respective parties, in regard to which declarations of approval or disapproval must be formulated. Ideas which had been afloat upon the sea of political thought until the temper of the public mind in regard to them may be safely guessed at, are, of course, seized upon by the experienced politician and woven into the warp and woof of his party's bid for popular favor. It is in seizing these questions at the right moment, in a proper appreciation of their inherent strength and value, and staking the failure or success of his party upon their support, that the sagacity of the politician is most strikingly apparent.

What is new is always bad in such an instrument, unless it have the rare merit of appealing to a popular sentiment as yet undeveloped, but which, when stirred to action, is certain to add to the strength of the party having the temerity to put it forth. Once in a score of years, perhaps, we have an instance in

which such a venture has proved of incalculable advantage to the party making it. Every now and then we find a similar artifice attempted by the unskillful or unwary, and resulting in defeat and confusion, or remaining unnoted and unconsidered through the heated struggles that are waged between the opposing forces upon other grounds. A party platform is like a church catechism, not to be added to or taken from as regards any of its distinctive elements, except with the most profound deliberation. Especially is this true when the party making the appeal for popular support is already apparently in the majority. As a rule, people will vote to-morrow as they voted yesterday. What a majority of the people approved last year we have a right to expect that they will approve this year. To hold what it has is the great object of every dominant party. What a man has once asserted by his vote to be his political opinion he is more than likely to adhere to thereafter. No man likes to confess himself in the wrong, or even to admit that he has been found in bad company. The very *vis inertia* of human nature—the disinclination to examine again the logical foundation of political theorems we have once uttered, is a force that no party which is in the ascendant can afford to despise. For these reasons it is that new ideas almost invariably come from the minority. Indeed, it seems to be the province of political dissenters to nourish political discovery and to formulate new methods to meet the varying contingencies of government. Such a minority may spring up within a party; may constitute a faction, and by its eagerness, sincerity and determination may, and often does, compel a majority to accede to its views, to take a step forward, to add a new plank to the party platform. This is the natural evolution of reform. It is the chrysalid out of which finally bursts the fully-developed political thought.

That the Republicans of New York should make a declaration more or less explicit upon the question of Civil Service Reform was just as much to be expected as that they should meet in convention to nominate

candidates. That they should make some sort of utterance in regard to free canals, or should have something to say touching corporate monopolies in their platform, was just as natural as that they should glorify the past of the Republican party, congratulate themselves upon its present, and indulge in prophetic glorification of its future. These questions have already assumed definite form and shape in the public mind. A considerable portion of the voters of the party have already proclaimed themselves, with more or less positiveness, in regard to both these questions. The public press has teemed with discussions concerning them. Public opinion may be said, in a great measure, to have crystallized in regard to them.

No such reason can be assigned, however, for the following:

"Resolved, That stringent legislation should be enacted to secure the purity and honesty of primary elections, and that all possible safeguards should be thrown about these sources of the political action of the people."

What does it mean? Whence did it come? Who stood sponsor for this new article of political faith? Is it a significant figure in the problem submitted to the people for solution this year? Is it a grappling-hook thrown out from a balloon to catch some substantial thing that shall mean safety? Is it a mere feeler of the public pulse, or a pledge intended to be carried into effect?

These are questions well worthy of the consideration, not only of the voter of the State of New York, but of every citizen of every state in the Union. If it be a sincere declaration of an established purpose, it is a promise of infinite good. If it is a mere feeler thrown out to test the public conscience, it is still significant as showing the drift of public sentiment in the Empire State and the effect of that sentiment upon those who control and formulate the utterances of a great party. It is a singularly clear and lucid statement of one of those doctrines which are ordinarily declared to be outside the range of party politics, until, by wide-spread adoption by the people, they force themselves within the verge of party action. Carefully analyzed, it will be found to contain the following propositions, either expressly or by unavoidable implication:

First: Some change of party organization is imperatively demanded.

Second: The rights of individual members of all parties need to be secured and protected.

Third: These rights should be secured and protected by legislation.

The first and second of these propositions will, no doubt, be conceded by every honest observer of our political history. There are few if any who do not believe that government by parties, as at present exemplified in our Republic, is subject to serious drawbacks and imperfections. So strong is this conviction that there are not wanting among us earnest and honest political thinkers who do not hesitate to declare that the only method of political salvation is the destruction of party machinery and a return to the fundamental principle of the individual preference of the voter. It is a matter of every-day remark among all classes of intelligent citizens that the days of party domination are at an end. With quaint simplicity, we are told by political philosophers of various grade that the people will no longer submit to the dictation of individuals or the control of caucuses and conventions. This sentiment has found popular expression in two grotesque terms, which, from being a few months ago the veriest slang, have now become the accepted abbreviated forms of expressing an almost universal dis-

content—"Boss" and "Bossism." All that these terms can be said to mean in the mouths of most of those who use them is simply that something is wrong with the system of party organization, or the plan of government by parties, which now prevails. Within the past twelvemonth there has been more than one notable attempt to devise a substitute for this system. Individuals and factions, who saw in this wide-spread discontent with the present the possible opportunity for advantage to themselves, have not been slow to seize upon it as a means for acquiring political power. It has become the battle cry of a great political revolt, signifying much or little, this or that, according to the circumstances and the occasion. Parties have been organized to destroy party. Machines have been devised to break machines. Caucus candidates have advertised for support as the enemies of the caucus. Candidates put forward by self-constituted cliques have named themselves the enemies of "rings." Voluntary organizations, somewhat in the nature of committees of public safety, have volunteered to aid the voters of particular localities by indorsing or denouncing candidates for public office who have already received nominations at the hands of parties. Everywhere the indications of revolt against the present party system are unmistakable, and that revolt is most frequent and intense where intelligence and patriotism are most general. In other words, a vast preponderance of the intellect, conscience and patriotism of the country has already declared itself dissatisfied with the system of party organization which at present obtains in the Republic.

So, too, with regard to the rights of individual members of parties. Few men would have the temerity to venture the opinion that the rights of individual members of all parties are secured by the present system. There could, perhaps, be no better demonstration of this fact than the existence and methods of what are known as Republican Associations in the city of New York. These voluntary associations, even taking them at their best aspect, admit to the party and expel from its privileges, without regard to the right of the individual or the will of the actual voters of the district or ward in which they are located. They constitute a close corporation, admission to which depends either upon the will of some clique or faction or the voice of a majority which, however honest it may be, has by no means been authorized to act for the individuals constituting the party within its assumed jurisdiction. The corruption of the party primary is of such notoriety as to have become the subject of universal jest. The exercise of undue influence, even the buying of votes at primary elections, is a thing so common as to be hardly thought worthy of concealment. Even when the initial stage of voting has been conducted with reasonable fairness the result of the primary is not seldom a question of grave doubt. The counting of the votes, the announcement of the result and the granting of credentials, are all separate steps in which fraud is as frequently traceable as in the utterance of a forged bill of exchange. These things are unquestionably true and generally accepted as true with regard to all parties in different localities. There are, no doubt, very many instances throughout the country where no such fraudulent practices have ever prevailed. There are unquestionably townships, perhaps counties, in which no undue influence has ever been exerted in the control of the primaries; where no vote has been bought and no false return been made in the interest of any faction or candidate. Yet it is more than probable that nearly every thinking man in every party honestly believes such



instances to be exceptional, if not rare. So far as these two elements of this plank in the platform of the New York Republicans are concerned, there is very little room for serious difference of opinion. The universal conscience of the land will indorse them fully.

It is the third element which is of a peculiar if not entirely novel character, and with regard to which the widest difference of opinion may reasonably be expected to prevail. Can the evils which have been referred to be cured by legislation? The question is not altogether new in political speculation. In one sense, it may be said to have already been incorporated in the laws of some other States. Yet this regulation of the primary statute, which has been attempted elsewhere, is, as we shall see hereafter, weak and ineffectual in comparison with that promised in the broad and lucid terms of this resolution. It has certainly not been a subject of general discussion of late either in the public press or among the people. The most zealous opponents of the party system of government, the most earnest and emphatic opponents of "Bossism" have not formulated any statutory remedy for these evils or established in the public mind any definite plan by which the defects of the present system might be obviated or seriously checked by legislative action. Before answering the inquiry, whether these evils are curable by legislation without impairing the system of government by parties in a republic, it is necessary to examine with some care the growth and character of this system and determine first whether it is desirable that it should be retained at all.

Previous to the establishment of our government democracy had never been tested on any very extensive scale. The walls of a single city, or the boundaries of a district, which a day's journey even then might span, limited the only examples of the democratic experiment which the world had ever known. Even these were what the average American voter would at once declare to be of a debased and modified type. Self-government as the right of the individual—the equal opportunity and equal power of every citizen in determining and directing the policy and conduct of government—had been established only in theory. It is beyond question that the founders of our Republic never contemplated any such method of determining the public will as obtains under our present system of party organizations. It was the belief and the expectation of the fathers of the Republic that each individual citizen would exercise his right as a member of the self-directing body politic at the polls by voting not for an idea, but for a man. It was no doubt believed and desired, in the election, for instance, of members of Congress, that the individual voters would express their preference for a representative—not because of his advocacy of any especial dogma, but because of their general belief in his intelligence, capacity and integrity. In other words, the plan of government devised was intended to result in the selection of the most capable law-makers and administrators, and not to establish the predominance of any particular theory which the voters might desire to be carried into effect. Their idea of a republic was that the citizens should choose rulers. It was no doubt hoped that the intelligence, honesty and patriotism of a majority of the voters would result in the election, in the majority of cases, of the wisest, ablest and most patriotic of the citizens, irrespective of the peculiar views which those chosen might chance to entertain. Men, it was believed, would be selected strictly on account of their own individual worth—not because of any political association they might have or any principle to which

they might be devoted. This idea is a most fascinating one, and within the past few years has formed the basis of more than one attempt to rebuild Utopia in our midst. Theoretically, it is perhaps the most beautiful plan upon which human society was ever organized. Practically, it proved an utter failure, almost before it had been put into operation. The American people carried the principle of self-government a step farther than the fathers of the Republic had ever contemplated. In plain terms, they insisted upon doing the governing themselves, and making those who were intended to be their rulers, simply their agents. They insisted upon choosing men to represent, not their authority, but their ideas also. Instead of selecting individuals to think for them, they persisted in choosing men to carry their own thoughts, their decisions, into effect. Instead of selecting their representatives simply upon the basis of individual worth, general sagacity, and exalted patriotism alone, they made the prime qualification of such representatives that they should uphold and maintain certain specific ideas.

From this irresistible inclination of people to govern themselves in their own way arose our modern idea of party government, and from it grew, by gradual development, our present system of party organization. The machine which we are accustomed to hear so glibly reviled has the advantage over all the rest of our governmental organization in being a growth and not an invention. It was not devised by any man or set of men for their own advantage or for any specific or ulterior purposes. It grew naturally and necessarily out of the spirit underlying our form of government. It is a logical extension, a healthful development, of the spirit of self-government. It is the town meeting made universal. It is the means by which the American spirit sought to bind on every man's shoulders his portion of the public burden and to secure to him his due share in the right of self-government. It is the very perfection of Lincoln's idea of "a government of the people, by the people and for the people." It is in theory a complete system of government by majorities. Stripped of flaws and imperfection, it becomes a perfect system for ascertaining the will of the majority as to what constitutes the greatest good to the greatest number in a self-governing community. It is the only plan which has yet been devised or developed by which a nation can extend its domain indefinitely and yet maintain in its purity the theory of a republican government.

The American party differs from the kindred idea which had existed in previous governmental forms chiefly in two respects. First, it begins with the voter. The individual constitutes its prime integer. The idea upon which it is based constitutes not only its directing force but also its *raison d'être*. It must exist in the minds of the citizens before a party can be erected on it. Even the English party which is most nearly related to our own is often without formulated principles on which to stand. The member of Parliament is very much less an exponent of the thought of his constituents than the American legislator and more nearly analogous an attorney, with discretionary power to act on their behalf. With us the party must always be built upward from the mudsill. A. B and C, individual voters, become possessed of a common idea which they esteem of sufficient importance to demand the subordination thereto of all other political notions. Others unite with them and accept their view of its importance. It spreads and grows until it has infected to a greater or less degree the universal thought. Then those holding to this idea meet in the primary, in township or ward, choose delegates to represent them



in the county, and they in turn authorize the State and National Conventions. This, in brief, is the genesis of party in our acceptance of the word. It is not only a collection of individuals favoring a common purpose, but that purpose must be of such paramount importance as to put all other political questions for the time being in abeyance. If the idea on which it rests is broad enough and strong enough to impress the country with a belief in its paramount necessity, it grows until it has a majority and the reins of power pass into the hands of its representatives.

Theoretically, our idea of party is modeled on the most advanced principles of democracy which underlie our governmental system. It is a republic within the Republic. It is an adaptation of our legal methods and municipal subdivisions to a voluntary organization in which every individual member is entitled to an equal voice with every other individual in determining its policy and dictating its methods. Like the nation itself, this interior voluntary republic is governed by majorities. The will of a majority determines what shall be its platform of principles and who shall be the representatives of its policy in the struggles for supremacy with the opposing ideas which underlie hostile organizations. In theory this is the most perfect method possible to be devised for ascertaining the will of the majority. Its flexibility equals its strength. Whenever the individual ceases to regard the organization as representative of what he deems of paramount importance he of course abandons it, and attaches himself to one more closely representative of his ideas of national policy, or becomes himself the seed of a new one. Theoretically, each member of a party has an absolute right to an equal voice in the direction of the affairs of the party and through the party whenever it attains a majority, in shaping the policy of the state or nation. Practically, as we have seen, this right is not unfrequently defeated. Its recognition and preservation is not only the patriotic duty, but the true interest of the real party leader, whose influence and supremacy depends on ability, sagacity and force of character. Its subversion is the prime requisite of the "bosses'" power. It is only when cunning is put on a level with sagacity and trickery takes the place of wisdom that "practical politics" becomes divorced from statesmanship and fraud becomes king of the caucus. The preservation of individual right in the party, therefore, means the establishment of purity and honesty in politics and patriotism and sincerity in legislation.

Can this be secured by legislation? This is the only question that remains to be answered. If it can the duty of the honest citizen is as plain as the day. If it cannot then this section of the platform is simply an unmeaning fraud—a something intended to deceive with the semblance of a fair promise. Hitherto, the organization and administration of the party have been purely voluntary. If a voter or any number of voters were denied the right of representation in the primaries of the party, or their voice was smothered by a false return on the part of those presiding in such primary, whose duty it was to make due return to the next higher body of delegates chosen to represent the individuals, such parties had no remedy except to visit upon the collective body of the party representing their own ideas in the main, the sins of their own unfaithful servants. In other words they could only punish the wrong-doer by depriving him of the prize to obtain which the wrong was believed to have been done. The member of a party thus defrauded of his right could only manifest his sense of injustice by kicking against the

party in whose professed principles he still firmly believed, and securing perhaps, by its defeat, the ascendancy of principles he deemed subversive of good government. It was a very trying position for an honest man who desired to do his full duty as a citizen. The choice between the two evils presented was often very difficult to make. Just here was displayed the weakness of our system of party government. In all other respects it has worked admirably. No other practicable means has ever been devised for ascertaining the will of majorities. Is this defect remediable, and, if so, how? The experience of the past fifty years, which pretty fairly limits the history of modern party government, does not afford any reasonable hope that the right of the citizen to an equal voice in the primary of his party can ever be secured by merely voluntary pre-arrangement, for the violation of which only a remote and indirect penalty can be inflicted. Can it be done by statute? The regulation of the primary has been already attempted in some States, so far as the punishment of illegal voting thereat is concerned. What is there to forbid the legal scrutiny and direction of the whole machinery of the party, thereby securing to the individual the equal voice to which he is entitled in the direction of both the party and the government? What are the elements of which such control would necessarily consist?

Thus far, the laws which have been enacted on this subject have been notably insufficient. Their farthest limit has been merely to extend to the holders of a primary election the laws governing a regular election, so far as ballot-box stuffing and the making of false returns are concerned, and to require that the person voting at the primary shall be a legal voter of the municipal subdivision for which it is held. The effect of these laws has hardly been noticeable in the decrease of crime against the citizen's right of self-government, except in the change of its character. Instead of stuffing the ballot-box without the pretense of voters, the boxes at the primaries in some cities are now regularly stuffed by hired voters resident in the precinct, but belonging to another party.

It is evident, therefore, that the "stringent legislation" which should protect the purity of the primary should at least consist of the following elements:

First: It should define the terms "party" and "primary;" declare the rights of individual members, and provide that candidates should be nominated (if representing any party) and delegates selected for all representative conventions of any party at primaries duly called and held.

Second: It should declare how a primary must be called, what notice must be given, how the poll-holders shall be qualified, for what time the boxes shall be kept open, and how the voting shall be conducted.

Third: It should declare the qualifications of voters at such primaries, and define the proof by which such qualifications shall be established, giving the poll-holders the power to administer oaths and hear testimony, in order to decide questions of this character.

Fourth: It should provide for counting the votes announcing the result, granting credentials and the other formal duties of officials of the primary, the authorization of proxies and all the machinery necessary to make the action of the primary effectual.

Fifth: It should prescribe penalties for bribery, intimidation, or other corruption of the voter at such primary; for perjury of the voter or other party sworn by the poll-holders in ascertaining the qualifications of any claimant of the right to vote; for false personation;

for the corrupt refusal of the right of any duly qualified voter; for ballot-box stuffing; for false count or false return, and every other malfeasance on the part of the poll-holders.

Of these provisions the last is about all that has been hitherto attempted by statute. Under the pretense of regulating primaries laws have been enacted that have left open more than half the doors of fraud. The fact that these have proved ineffectual no more establishes the insufficiency of statutory enactments of this character than would the fact that a law against manslaughter failed to repress burglary prove that housebreaking was without the pale of statutory restraint. There is but one of these elements that any one at all familiar with the subject-matter and the technical requirements of a valid and effective statute, would meet with any serious difficulty in formulating. At first sight it would seem that the qualifications of persons entitled to a vote at the primary would be very difficult to define. The difficulty, however, is more apparent than real. Apart from the fact that they must be duly qualified voters of the precinct in which the election is held, the relations of the individual offering his vote at the primary to the party itself would have to be considered. Abstractly the man who has before voted or expects hereafter to vote with a particular party should be admitted to a voice in its control. The bulk of all established parties, however, consists of those who have before supported their peculiar tenets. There is sometimes a small fringe of accessions through change of opinion, and always a pretty regular accretion by reason of natural adherents who have arrived at voting age since the last election. It is probable that no serious injustice would be done, however, and perhaps the aggregate result would not often be changed, by the adoption of the rule that only those who at some previous election, to be so specified as to be readily determinable, had acted with the party by supporting all or a major part of its candidates, should be allowed to vote at its primaries. This would close the door against those fraudulent pretenses on the part of voters which make the primaries "guarded by law," as they are claimed to be in some States, as much a mockery as those held under the present voluntary system. A primary election which can thus be corrupted is worse than none at all. No party can hope to preserve unity of action or secure results of any value to the country that is not controlled throughout its entire organization by the voice of persons in accord with its principles and purposes.

In the case of a new party, or of primaries designed to put in nomination candidates upon other than a party basis, how could the qualifications of the voter be ascertained? Such cases are not nearly as frequent as one at first blush might suppose. Indeed they are so rare that a practical politician may usually count the instances coming under his actual observation upon the fingers of a single hand. In such cases it may be admitted that no statutory definition of the qualification of the voters can be given, and in order to preserve perfect freedom and elasticity of political organization, it would probably be the part of a wise discretion to declare affirmatively that any voter asserting his intention to support the choice of the primary should be duly qualified to vote for the same. This would leave the present voluntary system in force in such cases, as to the qualification of the voters merely and in case of a new party or a non-partisan nomination there is no serious danger of its abuse. These rules may not be the best that can be devised for determining the proper qualifications of voters at

the primary, but they are sufficient to show that it is quite possible to define such qualifications so as effectually to guard against the irruption of "bummers" employed for the occasion, as now too frequently occurs, without debarring any considerable proportion of those entitled to a fair share in the direction of the party.

It is as easy to protect the right of a partisan to a voice in the direction of his party by law, as to define by statute the rights of a shareholder in a corporation. The same principles of equity and good conscience are as easily made applicable to the one interest as the other. Just how it shall be done is for the law-maker to determine; whether it shall be done is for the people to declare. The New York Republican platform well terms the primaries "the source of the political action of the people," and demands "stringent legislation to protect their purity and honesty." If this declaration is sincere, it marks a step in advance which is of the utmost significance. If honestly fulfilled, the elimination of the "boss" from politics would be an easy task thereafter, and one which would depend solely on the diligence and faithfulness of the voter. If faithfully carried into effect it would constitute a reform as much more important than that of the Civil Service as cause is even greater than result. As the primary is the mudsill of party organization, to secure its purity is not only to clarify the source of power but to render susceptible of accomplishment any work of reform that the public conscience may demand.

With "the honesty and purity" of the primary guarded by law; with the right of the individual voter to an equal voice in determining the policy, the platform and the candidates of his party, secured by stringent safeguards; with the honesty, virtue and intelligence of the country put on a level of opportunity and power with chicane; with the door of the primary propped open by law and its machinery put under the supervision of the courts; with the penitentiary waiting for the man who robs the citizen of his right to rule as surely as it stares the footpad in the face, the work of curing the evils of the body politic will be deprived of half its difficulty, the character of our political assemblies will be elevated to a dignity corresponding with their important functions and the profession of politics will be relieved from opprobrium.

Let the voters of New York see to it that every nominee of that party, for every legislative or executive office, declares himself fully and unequivocally upon this most important of all the planks in the platform adopted at Saratoga. Let no honest Republican give his vote to any candidate for the Senate or Assembly who does not pledge himself unequivocally and in writing to extend the aegis of the law to the primary and to impose the severest penalties upon all malfeasance in connection therewith. To redeem this pledge of the platform by the guaranty of a carefully prepared statute is the most valuable service that any party could perform. All the other issues presented are trivial in comparison with this. There is no prospect that the system of government by parties will be abandoned, nor have we any reason to believe that a better plan can ever be devised. To so amend this machine that it will register with substantial accuracy the will of every member of the political organization it represents, is an object worthy of the utmost exertion. Its accomplishment is worth more than many "bosses," more than all existing parties. It is the greatest of all possible political reforms because it perfects the instrument by which all other reforms must be accomplished.

A. W. TOURGE.



## THE HOUSEHOLD—THE MERRICK TWINS.

At intervals, longer sometimes than I wish, letters come to me from Mrs. Blossom, who, from the windows of her pretty house, watches neighborhood life with unflagging interest. Her manner is so quiet that I doubt if she is ever suspected as a student of character, and indeed her growing enthusiasm is somewhat of a puzzle even to me, and I question what she may intend to do with all the curious bits of knowledge she is setting down in a tall note-book.

At intervals the note-book apparently will not contain her, and she sends me facts or fancies as they happen to come, her speculations being often amusing and always with a semblance of truth, so strong that I am inclined to accept them as truth. Here, now, is a letter, in which, after various bits of merely personal news, Mrs. Blossom writes:

"You are not tired of the Merricks, I hope—the people who seem to have largest place in my note-book, which at times oppresses me a little, it has come to hold so many unexpected revelations. Things piece together and fit in so, and all at once there is a story where you thought only of a fragment. You have known Tom Merrick all his life, I know, and Louise almost as long, and I remember, when they married, how it seemed to us all, that here was as perfect a union as the sun had ever shone upon. Tastes in common, temperaments just different enough to prevent monotony, both sweet-tempered, genial and warm-hearted, and money enough for comfort, the limits being just sufficiently narrow to make some work a necessity if they would give freely as they loved to do. I think their house was one of the pleasantest places I ever knew, and we young people fairly overran them. We go there still, from old habit, but never now if we can help it.

"I think the twins did it. Poor little souls! Of course, they were not directly responsible, but who could have dreamed Louise would be such an idiot? The first baby died, very fortunately I think now. Louise studied systems of education, and had a different theory each time I met her, and then I began to discover that she had no power of discrimination, and believed always the last thing she had read, provided that it was put in a sufficiently taking way. Her own way had fascinated not only Tom, but all the rest of us—she is so unexpected and quaint and absurd—but we all found in time that this sparkle, while very delightful in mere talk, was the incongruous cover to a strange obtuseness. Whether the twins developed it, or whether it was always there, is the question, but, however that is answered, the home is spoiled. She has a theory that repression is the cause of all evil; that if one is allowed to act themselves with absolute freedom, the best development comes, and that the parents' obligations are to the child and never the child's to the parent.

"Of course, there is a seed of truth in all this, but the result is an inconceivable tyranny. Those twins make the house a Pandemonium. They are naturally affectionate, and bright, of course. But at table, if they do not want to stay there, they take their bread and butter into the parlor and crumble it in the plush chairs, or eat their oatmeal sitting on the piano and drumming against it with their heels. Louise was a fine musician, and Tom played the violin fairly well. But now, when she sits down at the piano, Harold, the worst of the pair, wishes to play the base, and, of course, he must be allowed to; and so Louise has given up playing, and Tom at last put away his violin case and asks for no more music.

"We were looking at some engravings a month ago, spread on the dining-room table for convenience, and those twins actually ran over them twice. 'Don't, dears,' said

Louise. 'Why, mamma! You know you want us to be active, and this is the best place to jump to!'

"Tom eyed them all; then gathered up the engravings and put them away. He enjoyed his microscope, but the twins insist on examining each slide he may want to use, and if he protests, Louise flies to them and implores him not to dwarf their mentality by prohibition or fault-finding. Two little demons could not more thoroughly poison all enjoyment. Tom loves them, but there are minutes when I think he hates both them and Louise, and he is more and more silent and brooding, and there is no rousing him, save as you appeal to him to do a kindness. The miracle of it all is, that Louise sees the faults of other people's methods and rails at ill-behaved children. She wonders, too, at the change in Tom, and sighs over the disillusionment of marriage; and oh, how I wish somebody could do something, for I know there is worse trouble to come. After a while, when Louise stops thinking of the twins and wants Tom, there will be no Tom for her. How do I know it all? It has suddenly made itself out of all the disjointed bits in my note-book."

### WHAT SHALL WE HAVE FOR DINNER?

*Green Pea Soup.*  
*Fricassee Lobster.*  
*Roast Chicken.*      *Giblet Gravy.*  
*Potatoes.*      *Tomato Scallop.*      *Beets.*  
*Salad.*      *Lettuce with French Dressing.*  
*Cheese.*      *Wafers.*  
*Sponge Pudding.*      *Creamy Sauce.*  
*Coffee.*

**GREEN PEA SOUP.**—Half a peck of green peas, one gallon of water, two pounds of lean beef, one tablespoonful of salt and one of sugar, half a teaspoonful of pepper, two tablespoonfuls of corn starch and one of butter. Wash the peas before shelling, and boil the pods one hour in the water. Then strain them out and add the beef cut in small pieces, and the peas and seasoning. Boil very slowly for two hours, then rub through a sieve, return to fire, add the butter and the corn starch dissolved in a little cold water, and boil a minute before serving.

**FRICASSEED LOBSTER.**—One can or the meat of one fresh lobster cut in small bits. Melt in a saucepan one tablespoonful of butter and a heaping one of flour. Stir till smooth, and add very slowly one large cup of stock or of milk, a saltspoonful of mace, a pinch of cayenne pepper and half a teaspoonful of salt. Put in the lobster and cook five minutes.

**ROAST CHICKEN.**—Clean, wash quickly in cold water and dry; stuff with one pint of bread crumbs, one tablespoonful of butter melted in two of hot water, one teaspoonful of salt, half an one of pepper. Truss and lay in the pan, pour a cupful of boiling water over them, and roast an hour or an hour and a half, if large, basting often. In the meantime stew the giblets, neck and feet in one pint of water. Chop the giblets fine. When the chickens are taken up pour this liquor into the roasting-pan, boil a moment and thicken with a tablespoonful of browned flour. Add the giblets, boil up once and pour into gravy boat.

**POTATOES.**—As in No. 1 of OUR CONTINENT.

**TOMATO SCALLOP.**—As in No. 6 of OUR CONTINENT.

**BEETS.**—Wash, but do not peel; boil one hour if young, two or more if old. Peel, slice and pour over them a spoonful of butter melted, with a little salt and pepper.

**SPONGE PUDDING.**—Enough crumbs of stale sponge cake to fill a pint bowl; one quart of milk, three eggs, one cup of sugar, one saltspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of vanilla; boil the milk, add the crumbs, then eggs, sugar, etc. Butter a pudding dish, pour in the mixture and bake half an hour.

**CREAMY SAUCE.**—Half a cupful of butter, one large cupful of powdered sugar, one glass of wine or juice of one lemon, quarter of a cupful of milk. Stir the butter to a cream, add sugar, then wine and cream. Set the bowl in boiling water and stir till all is creamy, above five minutes. Serve at once.

HELEN CAMPBELL.



## MIGMA.

THE millennial prophecy is being fulfilled at the South in this year of "Independents" in a most wonderful manner. The lion and the lamb have lain down together—the bulldozer and his victim—and the lamb is not inside the lion, either, because the lamb is the big one, and the lion is very small; but then the lion sees an office in the dim distance.

It is a real comfort to know that the English have at length beaten us at rifle-shooting. The equanimity of Johnny Bull will now be restored, and he may be willing to treat our amateurs in other lines of sport with something like decency. For a people who pride themselves on fair play, the English sporting public has shown itself most contemptibly unfair in most of our international struggles. The rifle contest has thus far been above such reproach, and our men have just shown that we can be beaten without getting mad about it.

THE use of a spurious telegraphic despatch in the meeting of the State Committee, previous to the sitting of the New York Republican Convention, is one of those incidents which show conclusively the need of reform in party organization. The proxy system should be entirely obliterated. This is not the first time that a forged despatch has made a spurious proxy, and the only method to cure the evil is either to abolish the proxy or require him to be constituted by an instrument to be executed before a notary.

It is a peculiar coincidence that the Republican party of North Carolina and the Democratic party of Indiana occupy identically the same ground upon the temperance question. They are both anti-Prohibition. The Republicans of North Carolina excel their Democratic yoke-fellows in Indiana in absurdity, in that they are distinctly anti-Prohibition without having any Prohibition party to oppose them. The Democratic party of that state is not and never has been in favor of prohibition. In sheer ridicule of the idea, it did permit the passage of a bill full of all manner of absurdity, which was to be submitted to the people for ratification. The Republican Executive Committee met and took ground against it. No party favored it; but the minority, who cast their votes for it, were the cream of the manhood of both parties. The bummers and politicians were all against it, of course. When it was voted down the Republican party claimed a victory. They might just as well have claimed credit for the defense of Plevna. Prohibition was no more a party question in North Carolina than the doctrine of the Atonement. The revenue officers and distillers who formally dominate that party in the state, having puffed themselves up with the idea that they had achieved a victory, have been barking at that hole ever since. No one seems to object, and the rage with which they howl for free whisky becomes, therefore, something very ludicrous to witness. But the ticket they have chosen to represent their idea is funnier still. Nothing but personal knowledge of the candidates can fairly indicate its peculiar character. At first glance the combination seems utterly grotesque in its absurdity. No human act can be pronounced incredible while these men stand upon the common platform and lustily chant to the voters of the state:

"Blest be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love."

This union of hearts and hands, so wide apart in all things else, establishes beyond cavil the success of the independent movement at the South. The redemption of that

land of darkness is now assured. The extremes have met: the "bulldozer" and his victim have joined hands: Beelzebub casteth out devils, and King "Bourbon" is arrayed against "Bourbonism."

A FRIEND who holds a place in the civil service of the government writes to say that he received a request from the Congressional Committee to contribute toward the expenses of the Republican party in the campaign. With this he complied very cheerfully, being anxious to promote the success of that party and feeling able to contribute thereto this amount and no more. Since that time he has received a like request from the committee of his State. He says he does not feel able to comply, but fears he will be "kicked out" of his place if he does not. Under these circumstances he asks our opinion as to what he would better do. We are not giving advice; but, if we were, we should say to our friend that he ought to treat such a request just as he would a contribution-box. In fact, the political assessment is very like a contribution-box, except in that it offers no chance for any one to get a reputation for liberality by putting in buttons and counterfeit money. Whatever is paid must be current coin of the realm, and no sort of pretense will serve to keep up a man's reputation with his party associates as a liberal contributor to its necessary funds who does not pay money. We do not believe he is in any more danger of removal for failure to comply than he would be of excommunication for failing to see the contribution-box when it is thrust under his nose in church. We do not believe much in this cry of universal terrorism by means of political assessments, and, even if all that is said were true, we should count the man who was scared into compliance thereby a mean-spirited creature, whose absence would be a benefit to the service. If every subordinate had the manliness to reply respectfully but firmly to such requests, stating his reason for non-compliance or partial compliance, we do not believe there would be a solitary removal therefor. We have had some experience and opportunity for observing such things from the inside, and that is our honest conviction. If, however, the reverse be true, and the minor officers of our civil service are actually "bulldozed" into paying money for the support of a cause they do not care to have succeed, or into giving amounts which they do not feel able to bestow—in short, if they are driven by fear of removal to pay money unwillingly—they show themselves to be so cowardly and weak as to be unworthy of the contempt, much less the sympathy, of a great people. Instead of clamoring for a law to protect the placeman, it would be better, in that case, to find placemen who are worth protecting. A man who is worth his salt in the service can, at the worst, make a living outside of it; and, if he does not value his honor and independence high enough to resist such compulsion, he is a very poor specimen of frail humanity. Thousands of negroes at the South vote every year in express fear of expulsion from their homes, loss of work and peril of immediate suffering for themselves and families. We pity those who are "bulldozed" by threats and terror into an abandonment or concealment of their political convictions. The world laughs scornfully, every now and then, when the story comes of a dozen or so well-armed men giving up their money and watches to a single impudent foot-pad who holds a rusty revolver toward them. The young men who "shelled out" at the request of a sham-robber at Mount Desert, not long since, did not obtain thereby a remarkably extensive reputation for

courage. Yet any of these whom men are wont to call cowards are daring to the verge of intrepidity compared with the timid creature who renders up his money with unwilling hands, for a purpose he does not approve, or in an amount which he cannot afford, merely because a political assessment is fired at his official head. So, we say to our friend who asks advice: "If you do not wish the Republican party to succeed, as you value your manhood, prize your liberty and reverence the rights of your fellows, do not give it aid or comfort, directly or indirectly, nor pretend to do so. If you do desire its success give what you are able to bestow, freely and honestly, and if any further request or demand is made upon you, make reply, manfully and candidly, that you have done all that your means and inclination will permit. It is, of course, possible that you may lose your place by so doing, but not at all probable, and you will at least have saved your manhood and performed an act worthy of the nation you serve."

It is one of the misfortunes of Landor's defiance of many literary laws, that his works, as a whole, can never be popular, even with the cultivated reader. He does not require the amount of explanation, nor is there the same uncertainty as to whether the explanation explains, felt in Browning's case, but he repels by quite as unnecessary eccentricities of manner and diction. He lived a life of aggressive defiance of what people might think or say of him as a man, and he wrote his books with the same defiance of any popular standards or wishes. He was a master of stately and splendid English, but Mr. Lowell's criticism upon him is one of the best so far made, in his remark that "we cannot so properly call Landor a great thinker as a man who has had great thoughts." This distinction indicates very justly the want of system characterizing his work, and making any correct estimate of him, that of fragments but never of the whole.

The best definition of Landor's position is given by Professor Colvin, who says that "he was a classic writing in a romantic age," the description which follows giving the method of both. "In classical writing every idea is called up to the mind as nakedly as possible, and at the same time as distinctly; it is exhibited in white light and left to produce its effect by its own unaided power. In romantic writing, on the other hand, all objects are exhibited as it were through a colored and iridescent atmosphere. Round about every central idea the romantic writer summons up a cloud of accessory and subordinate ideas for the sake of enhancing its effect, if at the risk of confusing its outlines. . . . On the one hand there is calm, on the other hand enthusiasm; the virtues of the one style are strength of grasp, with clearness and justice of presentment: the virtues of the other style are glow of spirit, with magic and richness of suggestion."

Landor was a profound student, and a man of positive genius as well. A wall of extraordinary prejudices shut him in from any comprehension of the spirit of the time, which he regarded with something of the cynical contempt that filled Carlyle. But his conceptions were often magnificent, his imagery full of beauty, and his sympathies delicate and acute, and there are pages of "Imaginary Conversations," which have no equal in English prose. His prose is of more value than his poetry, and in this opinion the best judges are united, Professor Colvin stating the case very accurately when he says "with Landor verse and prose do not, as with most writers, represent a higher and a lower form of literature respectively, but merely alternative forms," either mode of expression being equally familiar to him, and both incumbered by many discursions and a vast amount of unnecessary discussion.

In the present book (1) the classification is by subject, and

verse and prose are intermingled as Landor himself had a fashion of doing. The extracts are of varying length, from a few lines holding an aphorism or short paragraph, to entire "Conversations." Landor, in "his disdain for superfluities and his love for the naked presentment of ideas," neglected to give any clue to the situation in these "Conversations," considering that any reader he cared to reach would require none; and Professor Colvin has done good service in preceding each one by a few words of necessary explanation. His notes at the end of the volume are both careful and comprehensive, and the "Golden Treasury" series is enriched by an addition more attractive and valuable than anything since its initial volume. Landor's peculiar views as to spelling are not carried out, and some of his most cherished alterations in readings are rejected in favor of the original form, to the advantage of the reader, though to the wrath and oburgation of the author, could he return to argue the matter with his editor.

"DEMOCRACY" (2) has been accepted in England with such sounding of trumpets over the faithfulness of its slurs and sarcasms that it is pleasant to find one English paper with discrimination enough to be certain that brilliant as the book is, its strictures are to be accepted with a grain of salt. The *London Standard* says: "This sneering by Americans at American customs is not in the highest taste. We have seen 'the humors' of a presidential levee, and we may have laughed—never ill-naturedly, we hope—at some of the incongruities of the entertainment. But an American who can write so bitterly about so small a matter as the esthetic uncomeliness of his Chief Magistrate and his Chief Magistrate's wife standing up in awkward attitudes to shake hands with their visitors, would do well to take to heart the remark of a famous American statesman to a European poet who, some thirty years ago, went over to the United States to be petted and lionized. The bard, who was the subject of a great monarchy, thought to curry favor with his entertainers by disparaging his own country, and expressing a wish that he had been born a republican. 'Sir,' said the statesman in question, 'there is a very old proverb that it is an ill bird that fouls its own nest; and we are not over-fond of such birds in this country.' Patriotism was in those days the greatest of social virtues in the eyes of every American. To laugh at the absurdities or eccentricities of one's countrymen is fair enough; it may even be useful. In a more serious mood to lift up one's voice to testify against the vices which most easily beset our own people may be a religious duty not to be shirked. But these 'genteel' attacks on the social shortcomings of their countrymen, in which it is so much the fashion for American novelists nowadays to indulge for the amusement of foreigners, are consummately vulgar. They will give more pain to those persons who have had occasion to know and love Americans than to Americans themselves. Few right-thinking people of either nation will fail to say to themselves in thought, if not in words, when they have finished the perusal of 'Democracy,' 'There is no doubt some amount of truth in the author's satire; but a lie that is half the truth is ever the blackest of lies.'"

In the present number of *OUR CONTINENT* the paper entitled "Quaker and Tory," with its admirable illustrations, will command attention for its clever presentation of social aspects in the past and present of Philadelphia. A paper by Judge Tourgée, entitled, "Is it a New Departure?" strikes the keynote of a political discussion on which the approaching election in the Empire State may well turn. The chapters of the two continued stories, "Hot Plowshares" and "Dust" fully maintain the interest of their respective plots.

(2) *DEMOCRACY*. Henry Holt, New York. \$1.

(1) *SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR*. Arranged and edited by Sidney Colvin. 16mo., pp. 375. Macmillan & Co., New York. \$1.



## REFERENCE CALENDAR.

[THIS COLUMN IS INTENDED AS A RECORD FOR REFERENCE, NOT AS A SUMMARY OF CURRENT NEWS.]

September 23.—Grover Cleveland, of Buffalo, is nominated for Governor by the New York Democrats.—The International Exhibition Building at Sydney, New South Wales, was burned with all its contents.—A railway collision occurred in the Harlem Tunnel, New York city. Two passengers were killed and twenty wounded.—Lord Tenterden, British Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, is dead. He represented Great Britain in the Geneva Conference on the Alabama claims.—F. S. Williams, one of the senior examiners of the Patent Office, died in Washington. . . . Sept. 23.—Sir Evelyn Wood occupied Damietta with a British force.—The Khedive of Egypt authorized General Wolsley to represent him in re-establishing civil government and punishing rebels.—The Sherref of Mecca was deposed and imprisoned for supposed relations with Arabi Pasha.—General Schofield is assigned to the command of the military division of the Pacific, vice McDowell retired.—Two blocks of buildings were burned at Susanville, Cal.—Nearly ten inches of rain fell in the Middle and North Atlantic States. Millions of dollars worth of property destroyed in the track of the storm. . . . Sept. 24.—The Turco-Greek boundary dispute has been adjusted.—Two German steamships, *Lepanto* and *Edam*, came in collision at sea on the 21st instant. The *Edam* sank. Her passengers and crew were brought to New York by the *Lepanto*. Two engineers were killed by the collision. . . . Sept. 25.—The Khedive and his Cabinet went to Cairo and were received favorably by the people. The streets were lined with British troops.—A large sugar refinery (Havemeyer & Co.) was burned in Philadelphia. Loss, \$1,000,000.—Two United States soldiers were killed and several wounded at Governor's Island, New York, by the premature discharge of guns, while saluting a French man-of-war.—Professor Friedrich Wohler, one of the most eminent of German scientists, died at Göttingen. . . . Sept. 26.—In Cairo the Khedive held a State reception.—The Cardinal Archbishop of Seville is dead.—Ashbel Welsh, president of the American Society of Civil Engineers, died at Lambertville, N. J. . . . Sept. 28.—It is believed that the Tsar of Russia was secretly crowned at Moscow.—An accidental explosion of shells killed five and wounded some thirty persons in Cairo. . . . Sept. 29.—A passenger car fell through the drawbridge at Buffalo, N. Y. Two persons were killed; several severely injured.—The Duchess of Parma, daughter of Frederick II. of Sicily, died at Biarritz. . . . Sept. 30.—A grand review of British troops took place in Cairo.—Dwyer Gray, the High Sheriff of Dublin, was released from prison.—The Mississippi steamer *R. E. Lee* was burned near Point Pleasant, La. At least a score of lives were lost.—The verdict in the Star Route trials in Philadelphia found Joseph R. Black guilty, and acquitted the other four of the defendants.

## THE DRAMA.

The ever-popular Lotta delights large audiences at the Chestnut Street Opera House, Philadelphia, this week.

MADAME GERSTER passed the summer at her own villa, near Bologna, Italy. She sings at the Grand Opera House, in Paris, the coming season.

MISS CLARA MORRIS is engaged for Haverly's Theatre, Philadelphia, in January. New York and Boston have lately been enjoying her powerful characterization of "Miss Multon."

MR. JOHN McCULLOUGH spent five weeks of his vacation in journeying through unexplored portions of the Yellowstone Park region in company with General Sheridan and other prominent military officials.

SPECTACULAR DRAMA reigns at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. On October 23d, the Messrs. Kralffy Brothers, the leading managers of this class of entertainment, produce the "Black Crook," and probably "Michael Strogoff," during the engagement.

MR. CHARLES BACKUS, the well-known minstrel performer, while on a visit to London some weeks since, is said to have written Mr. Edwin Booth to the effect that if he would favor him with a box for the evening's performance, he (Mr. Backus) would agree not to play Richelleu in London! The request was granted.

"LES MANTEAUX NOIRS," a comic opera, lately produced at the Standard Theatre, New York, scored a hit. The librettist (Mr. Harry Paulton), and composer (Mr. Bucalossi), are both well known in London theatrical and musical circles. The opera was first produced at the Avenue Theatre, London, last June, and is still running.

"THE WORLD," which nearly everybody in the country saw last season, judging from the enormous money returns, is reviving at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, the present week. Mr. and Mrs. George S. Knight, in Mr. Bronson Howard's "Baron Rudolph," succeeds next Monday. Mr. Knight gives a most artistic rendering of the title rôle.

"VIVA," by Mr. Leonard Grover, author of "Our Boarding House," received much critical praise when the play was lately produced at Niblo's Garden, New York. The leading characters, which are Italian, are very cleverly treated by the Harrisons (brother and sister). It is being done this week at Haverly's Theatre, Philadelphia. "The Lights of London," with a remarkably strong cast, including the names of Mr. Dominick Murray and Mr. Charles Stanley, will be presented at this theatre, with elaborate scenic accompaniment, next week (Oct. 23).

MISS FANNY DAVENPORT's debut before an English audience at Toole's Theatre, London, was a notable success. A number of prominent people were present. Among them Miss Braddon, the novelist; Mr. D. H. Harkins, who frequently played with the *debutants* in the days of her early triumphs in New York, and who had just returned from a starring tour in Australia; Mr. Moncure D. Conway, the essayist; all the London critics and many representatives of the foreign press. Miss Davenport and her "\$80,000 worth of diamonds" were more successful than the play presented, "Diane de Lys."

MISS GEORGIA CAYVAN has had nearly unprecedented good fortune since her adoption of the stage as a profession. But a little over two years ago she was giving readings in Boston and environs. In the summer of 1880 she appeared as "Dolly" in "Hazel Kirke" at the Madison Square Theatre, New York; then she essayed the title rôle. Last year she played the leading part in the production of the Greek play at Booth's Theatre; the past spring she "created" the leading part in the "White Slave," and is now assuming the principal female character in "The Romany Rye."

## PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

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THE CALL OF DUTY.

Sympathetic Caller (to Convalescent, who has been the recipient of numerous calls during her illness).—"But I do pity you when I think of all the calls you have to return."

Convalescent.—"Oh, I have thought of that! As soon as I am well enough to go out I will take a trip anywhere, and then they will all have to call again on my return."

## IN LIGHTER VEIN.

## Epitaph (on a Woman-Suffragist):

HERE lies one who fought,  
As every one ought,  
For the cause of poor down-trodden woman,  
But her triumphs all past  
She was vanquished at last  
And surrendered herself to the foe-man.

L. K. G.

Marcus L.—Your name is not uncommon in this country. If we are not mistaken you are fifty-eight years old and were born during the visit of Marquis Lafayette to this country. Many of the children born during his visit were named after him. The mere matter of spelling the name with a "C" or a "Q" was not regarded as of especial consequence.

"Young man," said Judge Kenough, of Nemensha, in sentencing a mild-looking youth who had just been convicted of marrying at least once too often within a period of five years, "young man, a jury of your fellow-citizens has pronounced you guilty of a most heinous offense against the laws of this commonwealth. Not only have the two women whom you deceived appeared against you, but their respectable and respective mothers have added their weight to the testimony, and, taken together, the four of them easily turn the scale against the defense, including my learned brother, your counsel. The court does not wish to be unduly hard upon you, and has therefore ruled out evidence introduced by the prosecution tending to show that you are guilty not only of bigamy, but of polygamy, to which term, indeed, Blackstone gives the preference. The ex-

treme penalty for your offense is *two or more mothers-in-law*, but the court is disposed to be merciful, and sentences you to imprisonment for five years.

The Dramatic Editor and the Poet.—A young poet who seldom attended the theatre was one day reproved by the dramatic editor, who told him he was getting no happiness out of life. On the following morning the young poet entered the sanctum with beaming countenance and began dancing a *pas seul*. In explanation of his strange conduct the young poet informed his benefactor that on the previous evening he had seen a certain belle essay the rôle of "Hamlet," and the dramatic editor was glad to learn from the young poet's own lips that the performance was the cause of his exceeding happiness.

MORAL: Who knows true happiness must first experience great suffering.

Professor Adler says that the vinegar that appears red to the eye is not red in reality. This, no doubt, is true, and there are other deceptions as subtle and remarkable. The society belle, for instance, isn't always as red as she's painted.

At plumbers' perjuries they say Jove laughs, and probably he does when he sees a plumber send in a bill of forty dollars for professional services, which simply consisted of feeling the pulse of the kitchen pump-handle.

George Washington never told a lie, but then it is a matter of fact that George Washington never made much money out of politics.

R. K. MUNKITTERICK.